SCARAMOUCH
A
Philoſopher,
HARLEQUIN
A School-Boy, Bravo, Merchant, and Magician.

A Comedy
After the ITALIAN manner.
Acted at the
Theatre-Royal.

Written by Mr. EDWARD RAVENSCROFT.

Spe Incerta certum mihi laborem ſuſtuli. Terent. in Hecyram.

Printed for *Robert Sollers* at the Flying Horſe in St. *Pauls Church-yard*, MDCLXXVII.

SCARAMOUCH

A

Philosopher;

HARLEQUIN

A School Boy, Bravo, Merchant, and Magician.

A Comedy

After the ITALIAN manner

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

Prologue.

VEry unfortunate this Play has bin;
A slippery trick was play'd us by Scapin.
Whilst here our Actors made a long delay,
When some were idle, others run away,
The City House comes out with half our Play.
We fear, that having heard of this so long,
Your expectation now will do it wrong.
The Poet does a dang'rous trial make,
And all the common Roads of Plays forsake.
Upon the Actors it depends too much,
And who can hope ever to see two such
As the Fam'd Harlequin & Scaramouch.
This well he knew.——
Yet rather chose in new attempts to fail,
Than in the old indifferently prevail.
Great Wits refrain this writing, 'cause 'tis low,
They oftner write to please themselves than you.
Like but the Play, let others have the name,
Let both French and Italians share the fame,
But if 't be bad, let them too bear the blame.

The Persons Names.

Scaramouch, a Philosopher.	Mr. *Griffin.*
Pancrace, a talkative Doctor.	Mr. *Powell.*
Octavio, Son to *Scaramouch.*	Mr. *Clark.*
Cynthio, Son to *Pancrace.*	Mr. *Wiltshire.*
Spitzaferro, a Coward ignorant and bold.	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Plautino, a man of intrigue.	Mr. *Goodman.*
Harlequin.	Mr. *Haynes.*
A { Fencing / Dancing / Singing } Master.	
An Officer.	

Aurelia, belov'd by *Octavio.*	Mrs. *Vincent.*
Livia, under the name of *Zerbinetta*, a suppos'd Gypsye.	
A School-Mistris.	Mrs. *Covey.*

SCARAMOUCH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Brick-houſe.

Enter Octavio.

Octavio.

AH too Cruel News for a Poor Lover; the Perſon I adore muſt this day by the Commands of her Parents reſign her ſelf to the imbraces of one ſhe loaths and hates: this Letter ſhe ſent to me for Releif——What's to be done?

Enter a Fencing, a Dancing, and Singing Maſter.

All three, Good Morrow, good Morrow Signior,

Oct. Gentlemen, I have earneſt buſineſs calls me abroad this morning, I cannot ſtay to learn my Exerciſes now, but let me ſee you at this Hour to morrow: your Servant gentlemen. *Exit.*

All three, Servitore, Signior, Servitore.

Enter Harlequin.

Omnes, Ha *Harlequin.*

Harl. Signior Dancero. [*Sings and dances and makes legs.*
Signior Singero. [*Sings out and then ſings a piece of a Tune.*
Signior Fencero, Euh. [*Makes Thruſts at him*
Euh, Euh, Servitore, Servitore. {*As if he were fencing.*

Fenc. Good morrow, good morrow to you.

Sing. You are very Merry.

Harl. You have been teaching Signior *Octavio* his exerciſes.

Signior Chantero i'le ſing you a rejoycing Air, *pourpaſſa--tempio nne Allegarezza, una Camſona, Bella, Bella,*

Harl. ſings a ridiculous Song.

Sing. O Rarely well ſung Signior *Harlequin.*

Harl. Singing and Dancing I underſtand well enough. But Signior *Alonge*, I don't Comprehend the Miſtery of your Vocation, what need is there of killing a Man by Rule?

Fence. The art of Fencing conſiſts in two things, to give and not to receive that is, to offend, and defend.

Harl. That is to run a Man through, and not be run through, which is to kill and not be killed, ha——

Fenc. Right, and 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd receive, if you know how to turn the Sword of your Enemy from the line of your Body. And this depends only on the Motion of the wriſt, As—— in thus, and out ——thus.

Harl. A man then whether he be valiant or not, If he has but this art, is ſure to kill a Man and not be hanged for it.

Fenc. And not be killed.

Harl. O not be kill'd, but if he be hang'd 'tis as bad.

Fenc. This which I tell you is demonſtration.

Harl. Oh, Oh, but I can give you better demonſtration, how a man may not be kill'd.

Fenc. As how?

Harl. For example There---

Herl. *Fences and Jumps forwards and backward with his Wooden Sword againſt the Fencer, His foil, and at laſt runs away.*

Fenc. There is no guard indeed like a good pair of Heels, But if you run away how will you do to kill your Enemies?

Harl. Come behind him and Shoot him, or kill him piſſing againſt a Wall, Demonſtration, a ſure way to kill and not be kill'd,

Fenc. But a Gentleman ought to have Honour and Gallantry.

Harl. I was not born a Gentleman.

Fenc. There's nothing ſo commendable as the knowledg of Arms, This Imports more than all other Sciences. Singing and dancing are things unprofitable in reſpect of this.

Dance. Very good, my Maſter of Defence, pray don't ſo much undervalue dancing.

Sing. Nor ſpeak ſo ſlightly of Muſick.

Fence. You won't I hope compare Hopping and Squealing to the Noble Science of Defence?

Dance. There's a Man of Confidence.

Sing.

Sing. A very pleaſant Fellow.

Fence. Why my Nimble Sir, ſuch another word, and I ſhall lead you a new dance, and make you my little Canary Bird change your Note.

Danc. If you are at that good Mr. Fencer, I ſhall teach you your buſineſs a little better.

Harl. Eh, are you mad to quarrel with a Man that underſtands to Fight in Teirce and in Quart? and knows how to kill a Man by Demonſtration?

Danc. I care not for his demonſtration, for his Tierce nor his Quart.

Harl. Eh, Eh.

Fenc. How you Graſshopper, you Skip-Jack, you Hop-my-Thum.

Harl. Eh, Mr. of Defence.

Dan. You cold Iron Carrier, you ſpit-frog, you Scarecrow, Bravo.

Harl. Eh, Mr. Dancer.

Fen. If once I fall upon your bones---

Harl. Eh, No.

Dan. And if I take you to task---

Harl. Eh Fye.

Fen. I'l make you dance to a new Tune.

Harl. Eh, Pray.

Dan. And I'l learn you to mind your hits.

Harl. Eh, Fie No!

Sing. Stand aſide, we'l give him Demonſtration.

Herl. Eh, No, No, Pray, Auh! *Enter* Scaramouch. Hola, Signior *Scaramouch*, you come very luckyly With your Learning and Wiſdom to perſwade 'em to Peace and quietneſs.

Scar. What's the matter?

Harl. They are quarrelling about their Profeſſions, and going to fight it out, Which is beſt?

Scar. Wherefore are you thus tranſported with rage? Have you not learn't Moral Philoſophy? which teacheth the Government of our Paſſions. Have you never read the Learned Treatiſe *Seneca* compos'd of Choller. Ought not reaſon to be Maſters of our Paſſions?

Danc. But Signior *Scaramouch*, he had the impudence t'affront us, and ſpeak contemptouſly of our Profeſſions, and undervalue ſinging and dancing.

Scar. A wise man is above injuries, and the best return to affronts is Moderation and Patience.

Fence. They had both of 'em the Impudence to compare their two Professions of singing and dancing, to the Noble Science of defence.

Scar. And ought you to be concern'd at this? is this sufficient to cause such irregular emotions, it is vain Glory to make comparisons, Wisdom and Virtue only give distinction.

Sing. There is nothing so profitable to the Publique as Musick.

Danc. Nor nothing so necessary to Mankind as dancing.

Sing. All the disorders, all the Wars which have been in the World have happen'd, for not having learn'd Musick.

Danc. All the misfortunes of Mankind, all the lamentable Stories which we read of in History, the disapointments of Councils, the failuers of great Generals, and defeats of Armies have bin thro' want of Dancing.

Fenc. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Scar. How so?

Sing. Does not War proceed from the want of Union among men?

Scar. True.

Sing. And if all men wou'd learn Musick, wou'd not they accord better with one another? And wou'd not there be an universal peace and quietness in the World? Peace is when all men agree in a Harmonious Concurrence, Peace and Concord are the same thing.

Scar. Oh! ——

Danc. When a man fails in his conduct, whether it be in respect to the affairs of his —— Family, or the Government of the Kingdom, or in the Command of an Army, is it not always said of such a man he did not go well about his business; he did not take the right time? And so, ——

Scar. Oh! ——

Danc. And how shou'd a man go well, or do any thing in time, that can't Dance?

Fenc. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Danc. Here now you see the profitableness of Dancing, and Musick, Dancing is therefore a Science absolutely necessary to mankind.

Sing.

Sing. And Muſick is a Science without which the World cannot ſubſiſt.

Fenc. And how will you Govern without the Sword? And where are your Generals and Armies without men that underſtand their Weapons? Therefore I maintain againſt them both, that the Science of Defence is the nobleſt and moſt neceſſary of all Sciences whatever.

Scar. And what think you all of Philoſophy? You are all three very impertinent to give the name of Science to your profeſſions. A Fencer, a Muſician, A Dancer. A Hector, a Fidler, and a Jack Pudding.

Fenc. Out you lowſie Philoſopher.

Sing. You Pittiful Pedant.

Danc. You formal Blockhead.

Scar. How you Raſcals? { *He falls on them with his fiſts, and they buffet him.*

Harl. Eh, Signior Philoſopher.

Scar. Slaves, Rogues, Raſcals.

Harl. Signior Philoſopher.

Fenc. Dunce, Blockhead.

Harl. Gentlemen!

Scar. Impudent Rogues.

Harl. Signior Philoſopher.

Scar. Ignorant Sots.

Harl. Signior Philoſopher, Gentlemen.

Scar. Raſcals.

Harl. Signior Philoſopher.

Sing. Impertinent Philoſopher.

Harl. Gentlemen.

Scar. Curs, Dogs, Sots, Rogues, Raſcals, Villains. { *Exeunt Fighting.*

Harl. Signior Philoſopher, Gentlemen.

Signior Philoſopher, Gentlemen, Signior Philoſopher; e'ne fight Dog, fight Bear, and the Devil part 'em, I've done all I can.

[*Exit.*

{ *Re-enter* Scaramouch *compoſing himſelf, and* Harlequin *Counterfeiting a Rage.*

Harl. Ha! Impertinent Rogues, Raſcals, Ignorant Sots, Illiterate Beaſts, Curs, Dogs, Whelps, Knaves, Villains. ——

Scar. Moderate this Paſſion, anger is offenſive to the Eyes of a Philoſopher.

Harl.

Harl. No body muſt be angry but himſelf, Rogues, Affront a learned Philoſopher!

Scar. It imports not, a Philoſopher can bear injuries as he ought, I will go write a Book againſt Muſick, dancing, and Fencing, and undo all the Profeſſors of it by Argument. {*Vaulting here.* [*Exit.*

Harl. That I was but a Philoſopher to have this Command and Government over my Paſſions. [*Exit.*

Enter Octavio.

Oct. O my croſs fortunes, O my *Aurelia*, I'le call her forth, to know if ſhe at laſt reſolves by her obedience to make me wretched, and her ſelf unhappy----St---St---Signiora *Aurelia.*

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Who's there, Signior *Octavio*?

Oct. Ah *Aurelia*, is that true, which this Letter Imports? are you to be marri'd ſo ſoon?

Aur. Such is the appointment of my Father.

Oct. What has occaſion'd this ſudden Reſolution?

Aur. He finds his Sickneſs to increaſe, and the Phiſicians grow doubtful of his Recovery, wherefore he has prefixt the time of my Marriage, that he may ſee me well diſpos'd of as he thinks, before he dyes--but what Change is this I ſee in you? Why in your Countenance do you wear theſe marks of Sorrow? Do you doubt my Fidelity? Or are you not aſſur'd of the love I have for you?

Oct. Yes *Aurelia*, I am aſſur'd you love me, but have no Aſſurance you will ever love me. I have heard ſay, that the love of your Sex is not ſo laſting as that of ours, and that paſſions in Womens breſts are like Flames riſing from light perishable Subſtance, which decay even as ſoon as they are born.

Aur. My Heart then is not like thoſe of other Women, I perceive well enough, that the Ferveney of my love cannot be abated but by death.

Oct. I believe that you really think what you ſpeak. But I dread a power that in your heart will combat againſt thoſe tender Sentiments it has for me, your Dependance is on a Fathers will, that already is determin'd to diſpoſe of you.

Aur.

Aur. No *Octavio*, 'tis not in a Fathers Power to force me to break my Vows to you, I'm resolv'd to abandon my Family, nay my Life, rather then quit you.

Oct. O blest Assurance!

Aur. After this you are no longer to doubt me, but indeavour my Relief, if it shou'd come to the extremity, think therefore how to dispose of me, if I am forc'd to fly from this Marriage?

Oct. I will instantly go and advise with some faithful Friend.

Aur. Heaven will be favourable to our Vows.

Oct. Heaven cannot be cross to me, if you are constant.

Aur. Most assuredly I will, Adieu. [*Ex.*

Oct. I shall then be happy.

Enter Cynthio *and* Harlequin.

Cynt. My Father arriv'd?

Harl. Signior Si.

Cynt. And this morning?

Harl. This morning.

Cynt. And return'd say'st thou with a Resolution to have me marry?

Harl. Signior Si.

Cynt. The Daughter of Signior *Scaramouch*?

Harl. Of Signior *Scaramouch*.

Cynt. And that Signior *Octavio* is to marry my Sister, and make it a cross match?

Harl. A cross match.

Cynt. Cross indeed to us both. My Fathers Voyage then to *Lauretto*, was not out of Devotion as he pretended, but to fetch them from the Monastry.

Harl. From the Monastry.

Cynt. And you met my Father just as he came ashore?

Harl. Signior Si.

Cynt. And he told you this?

Harl. Signior Si.

Cynt. And he knows all my concerns thou say'st?

Harl. All.

Cynt. And that in his absence I have made a contract?

Harl. A Contract.

Cynt. Prithee speak to me, and don't in this manner catch my last words.

Harl.

Harl. you forget not the leaſt circumſtance.

Oct. How's that Signior *Cynthio*, your Father arriv'd, and knows you are Contracted?

Harl. Signior ſi.

Cynt. O *Octavio!* Counſel me what's to be done in this juncture?

Oct. I'm at as great a plunge, and want a Counſellor my ſelf.

Cynt. As ſoon as my Father ſee's me, a Tempeſt of outrage will pour upon me——his Reproaches will be moſt violent.

Harl. Methinks I already ſee his Brow bent with fury againſt you, and his Cane lifted above his head, to give you a thouſand dry drubs for the folly you have committed.

Cynt. How ſhall I avoid the ſtorm?

Oct. How ſhall I ſecure my Love?

Enter Plautino.

Plaut. Who's here! Signior *Octavio*? Signior *Cynthio*, how is't, what's the matter? why look you both ſo melancholy?

Cynt. Signior *Plautino* I'm undone.

Oct. And I the moſt unfortunate man in the World.

Plaut. How? In what?

Cynt. My Father is arrived with a reſolution to have me marry.

Oct. And *Aurelia* to morrow is to be married to *Spittzaferro*.

Plaut. And what harm is there in all this to you two?

Cynt. You know not our concerns.

Plaut. No, but 'tis in your power to tell me, and I am a man of great Conſolation, one that Negotiates in the affairs of young Gentlemen.

Cynt. O *Plautino*, if you could find any invention to draw me out of this trouble that I am juſt falling into, I ſhould think I ow'd even my life to you.

Oct. And if you cou'd prevent or but delay this Marriage---

Plaut. To tell you the truth, nothing almoſt is impoſſible to me, Heaven has bleſt me with a genious fit for all manner of witty Contrivances, and pretty Inventions, therefore tell me your grievances.

Cynt. You know 'tis a month ſince my Father took a Voyage to *Lawretto*.---

Plaut.

Plaut. I know it Sir.

Cynt. A few days after his departure, Signior *Octavio* and I in our rambles, met with a Troop of them that call themſelves *Egyptians.*

Plaut. Fortune-tellers.

Harl. Signior Si, Gypſies.

Cynt. They had in their company a young Girl, of beautiful Features, that Sung and Danced to a Miracle, who had in all ſhe did ſuch acharming Air.

Plaut. That you cou'd not chuſe but fall in love.

Harl. Signior Si, at the ſame time ſhe ſtole Signior *Cynthio*'s heart and my money.

Cynt. I know not if it were the agreeableneſs of theſe good qualities of Singing and Dancing---

Harl. and picking of Pockets.

Cynt. Firſt raiſed in me an unconquerable Paſſion.

Plaut. So.

Cynt. After two or three Viſits, the Company wou'd Permit me to make no addreſſes to her without a Contract of Marriage, which after much ſtrugling with my Paſſion, I conſented to.

Plaut. You are then Contracted to her?

Cynt. Yes, and have not the leaſt regret for what I have done, but languiſh for the happy hour to conſummate the Marriage.

Plaut. What ſtop?

Cynt. Before I take her from them I am to lay down two hundred Piſtols for the expence of her Education, and to recompence the loſs the whole Company will ſuffer by her departure.

Plaut. I underſtand, Depoſit the ſum.

Cynt. 'Tis that I want.

Plaut. Borrow't.

Cynt. I forged a plauſible ſtory to a Friend of my Fathers, that I wanted ſo much for his uſe in his abſence, who had promiſed it me within two days; But now my Father's arrived, that deſign's ruin'd, and I am too cruelly diſappointed.

Plaut. And this is your grievance?

Cynt. It is.

Plaut. Now Signior *Octavio*, let me know your reſentments.

Oct. I have long bin in love with the fair *Aurelia* whoſe paſſion correſponds with mine, but her Father is averſe to it, and propoſes Signior *Spittzaferro* for her Husband, and he's too wealthy a Rival to be Supplanted.

Plaut. But are you ſure *Aurelia* loves you?

Oct. Yes, and hates *Spitzaferro.*

Plaut. Then fear nothing.

Oct. Yes I have much to fear. To ſecure her mind I drew her to a Contract.

Plaut. Better and better.

Oct. Her Father who has long languiſhed under a great fit of ſickneſs, apprehending his death is near, with all ſpeed preſſes her Marriage, and has appointed that to morrow ſhall make her a Bride to my Rival.

Plaut. It cannot be, it muſt not, it ſha'not.

Oct. Theſe are words of comfort.

Plaut. And all that troubles you is your want of money to purchaſe your dear, pretty little Creature, and the fear you have to ſee your father, after his having heard of your engagement.

Cynt. Yes.

Oct. And my care is for Money to provide for the Perſon I love, if being Pres't to this Marriage ſhe be forced to fly from her Fathers importunity and Anger.

Plaut. Good Heavens, that you ſhould call me to counſel for this, had you not one pritty invention, one little Stratagem, where's thy wit *Harlequin*, are thy Brains Addle?

Harl. O Signior *Plautino*, I am better at Execution then Invention.

Plaut. Well, we'l try what performance you have.

Cynt. Do you believe----

Plaut. Euh no more, but think how to receive your fathers onſet, without being daunted.

Cynt. I tremble to think of his coming, and have a natural timerouſneſs in me, that I can't ore come, were't any but a Father----

Plaut. You muſt in the firſt encounter ſhow your ſelf a man, leaſt finding you give ground, he proceeds to treat you like a Child; go and practice how to behave your ſelf; take courage and Reſolution; be poſſitive in all your anſwers and obſtinate.

Cynt. I'l endeavour.

Plaut. Accuſtom your ſelf a little by Practice, come let's ſee how you'l behave your ſelf. Your Poſture bold, your head upright, your looks aſſured.

Cynt. So.

Plaut.

Plaut. Good, now imagine I am your Father arriv'd, and anſwer me as you would do him, Hau! Villain, diſobedient Villain, ungratious Varlet, the greif of thy Parents, and ſhame to thy Family, the diſhonour and burden of my old Age, unworthy as thou art to bear the name of my Son; how dare you appear before me, that have in my abſence, given me ſo much cauſe of diſpleaſure, and done as thou haſt done? Is this the reward of my care to give thee breeding? Is this the beſt return you make me, this the reſpect due to a Father? Is this your duty and obedience? Go ungratious wretch as thou art, hadſt thou the boldneſs, the impudence, to engage your ſelf without my conſent and approbation, to marry without my leave or knowledg, anſwer me, anſwer me, you that ſneak ſo, what have you to ſay for your ſelf? What are you ſtruck dumb?

Cynt. I cant but imagine 'tis my Father himſelf that rants thus at me.

Harl. He ſwaggers like one of threeſcore, cuds-ſo h'has made me tremble.

Plaut. You muſt not therefore behave your ſelf like a Boy that is affraid of a Rod; come he's not your Schoolmaſter, but your Father.

Cynt. I'l go in and fortify my ſelf with reſolutions, I'm reſolv'd not to be danted.

Plaut. Not ſo much as in looks.

Cynt. No.

Plaut. Nor hang you head.

Cynt. No.

Plaut. Nor be not Mealy Mouth'd.

Cynt. No, I'l give him two words for one.

Harl. Cudſo, an excellent Tutor and an apt Scholler.

Plaut. Don't bate him an Ace.

Cynt. Not a tittle, you have whetted me, and I am ſharp.

Plaut. See your Father is coming.

Euh.

Plaut. Signior *Octavio* retire, and leave us the Field to our ſelves. [*Oct. Exit.*

Harl. Signior Si, let us ſtand aſide, and ſee the Battle, whiz the Bullets will fly Anon.

Cynt. O my heart failes me.

Plaut. No, no, ſtay you, Sir ſtay.

Harl. Euh, *Eo poura*, Signior, *Eo poura*.

Plaut. come bear up.

Cynt. I can't ſtand the Brunt, I'l e'ne get out of his ſight [*Exit.*

Plaut. Signior *Cynthio*, ſtay Signior *Cynthio*, ſee He's gon, what ill temper'd mettle is this Blade made of? That his edg is turn'd already; well I'l ſpeak to him, do you ſecond me, and be ſure to back my diſcourſe.

Enter Pancrace.

Panc. Was ever the like Action in a Son?

Plaut. He has heard the buſineſs already, and can't forbear talking on't to himſelf.

Panc. ſo villainous a peice of Inſolence.

Plaut. Let's harken a little nearer.

Panc. I'd fain know what he can ſay for himſelf.

Plaut. We have our Story ready.

Panc. Does he think to deny his Marriage?

Plaut. No, that's the leaſt of our thoughts.

Panc. Or hopes he to excuſe it?

Plaut. As well as we can.

Panc. Or will he tell me ſome fine Story?

Plant. It may be we may.

Panc. It ſhall be to no purpoſe.

Plaut. We'l try that.

Panc. I'l harken to nothing.

Plaut. Reaſon or not Reaſon.

Penc. I'l lay him up in Lavender.

Plaut. His fears make him require ſweeting. Sir I am glad to ſee you ſafe return'd.

Panc. Good morrow *Plautino*, I'l go find him out.

Plaut. I believe Sir your voyage agreed with you very well, you are grown fat upon it, and look mighty well.

Panc. I am very well,----marry without my knowledg?

Plaut. Had you not a very pleaſent Voyage?

Panc. A very pleaſant one, pray let me alone to be angry.

Plaut. How Sir, wou'd you be angry?

Panc. Yes Sir, I have reaſon to be angry I think.

Plaut. With whom?

Panc. With my Son.

Plaut.

Plaut. For what I beſeech you?

Penc. You have not heard what has been done in my abſenſe.

Plaut. I heard of ſome ſmall matter.

Panc. How! an action of this nature, a ſmall matter?

Plaut. 'Tis true you have ſome reaſon to.

Panc. Twas ſuch a Prank.

Plaut. Yes truly but---

Panc. A Son to marry without the conſent of his Father.

Plaut. Something may be ſaid as to that indeed, but I know you are a man of that Wiſdom not to be too much concern'd at what cann't be help't.

Panc. Not to be concern'd, yes I will be concern'd, don't you think, that I have all reaſon immaginable to be angry?

Plaut. Yes truly you have ſo, I was angry my ſelf when I firſt heard on't, I was ſo much concern'd for your ſake, that I ſchool'd your Son ſoundly, ask him there what a Lecture I read him for his want of reſpect to a Father, to whoſe leaſt commands he ought to ſhow obedience, no man cou'd have ſaid more, not your ſelf. But I have ſince conſidered things according to Reaſon, and find (now my Paſſion is gone) that they are not ſo bad as may be imagin'd,

Panc. How? What can be worſe, then for a Son to run headlong, and Marry no body knows who?

Plaut. Oh, I grant it was not well done, but what? our Actions depend not altogether on us, the Stars have a powerful influence. In fine, it was his Fate.

Panc. That's a fine Reaſon indeed, by that means a man may Cheat, Rob, Murder, and ſay for excuſe, 'Twas his Fate ſo to do.

Plaut. But Sir, you take my words in too ſtrict a Philoſophical a ſenſe, yet Fate is hard to be reſiſted, and the influence of the Stars, concur much to the Operations of our Minds.

Panc. But does not wiſdom controul the Stars, and the Fate you talk of? *Sapiens Dominabitur Aſtris*——

Plaut. 'Tis true, Wiſdom corrects but cannot quite alter the courſe of the Stars—— But what, you don't expect to ſee your Son at theſe years as wiſe as your ſelf?

Harl. As for example, young Mr. *Octavio*, notwithſtanding all my good Counſels, daily Advice; Remonſtrances, Cautions and Caveats, has yet play'd a more fooliſh trick then Signior *Cynthio*.

Plaut.

Plaut. I wou'd fain know if you were not young once your ſelf, and had not your Devices and Vigaries like others? I have heard ſay that you were heretofore very brisk upon the Ladies, a great Gallant, and kept Company with all the Ladies of the times.

Panc. 'Tis confeſt, but I had ſtill a regard to my ſelf, I never did what he has done.

Plaut. And what has he done? He ſaw a young Lady whom he loved, he had that from you to have a kindneſs for all pretty Women. He found her very charming, made her viſits, look'd languiſhingly on her, ſigh'd and talk'd paſſionately, and declared his love in all the gallantries of Courtſhip. She makes a return, he is weak, the temptation ſtrong, his Stars conſpire, Fate helps, Opportunity preſents, he makes uſe of the Critical minute, the Parents ſurpriſe him, force him to marry her, he gives her his Hand, and makes the beſt of a bad Market, and yet you'l be angry.

Harl. Ha, Ha, Ha, Rogue!

Plaut. What wou'd you have had him been kill'd? it is yet better to be Marry'd then Murther'd.

Panc. I ne're heard that matters went ſo far.

Plaut. Ask him, ſee if he don't ſay the ſame thing?

Panc. Was he forc'd to marry?

Harl. Oh Signior ſi, with a great Battoon.

Plaut. Nay I'de not lye for the matter.

Panc. Then he ſhall preſently go to a Notary, and Depoſe upon Oath, that he was forc't to't.

Plaut. But that's a thing he'l never do.

Panc. I'le have it done to annul the Marriage.

Plaut. To annual the Marriage?

Panc. Yes.

Plaut. Ah, you won't annul it Signior *Pancrace*.

Panc. Won't I annul it?

Plaut. No.

Panc. Why have not I the Authority of a Father? Is it not Reaſon and Juſtice for the violence offer'd my Son——

Plaut. He will never agree to't.

Panc. Not agree to't?

Plaut. No.

Panc. Not my Son?

Plaut.

Plaut. No, not your Son, wou'd you have him declare himſelf a Coward? and ſay that he did it for fear? Oh, he never will, that were to diſgrace himſelf and his Family, and make him unworthy to be the Son of ſuch a Father as you?

Panc. I care not for that.

Plaut. He muſt for his own reputation and your honour, ſay that his Marriage was his own choice.

Panc. But I'le have him for my Honour and his own Reputation, ſay juſt the contrary.

Plaut. I'me ſure he never will.

Panc. I'le make him.

Plant. Indeed he will not,

Panc. He ſhall, or I'le diſinherit him.

Plaut. You?

Panc. I.

Plaut. Good!

Panc. I'le do't.

Plaut. No, you'l not diſinherit him.

Panc. Won't I diſinherit him?

Plaut. No.

Panc. But I will.

Plaut. No.

Panc. No?

Plaut. No.

Panc. That's fine, I won't diſinherit my Son!

Plaut. Signior, No.

Panc. Who ſhall hinder me?

Plaut. Your ſelf.

Panc. My ſelf, good!

Plaut. Yes, you can't have the heart.

Panc. But you'l find I ſhall.

Plaut. Nature and the compaſſion of a Father will take his part.

Panc. They'l ſignifie nothing.

Plaut. Yes, Yes.

Panc. No.

Plaut. I know you are naturally of a good diſpoſition.

Panc. No, I am not, I can be angry if I pleaſe, but let's end this diſcourſe which provokes me. I'le go and find out Signior *Scaramouch*, and acquaint him with the fine Actions of my Son.

Plaut.

Plaut. Signior *Pancrace*, if I can be ſerviceable to you in any thing, you need but Command.

Panc. I thank you Signior *Plautino*, O that I had but my Son alive that is dead, to make him my Heir. *Exit.*

Harl. You are an able man, our buſineſs is now in a good Poſture, but Money, Money, Signior *Plautino*, Eh, 'tis a Pritty Gipſie.

Plaut. I engage —The deſign is hatch'd, I am only thinking where to find a man that we may truſt to act a part that I have deſigned ſtay, ſtand you at a little diſtance, give your Hat, the Cock of an angry Bully, ſway your body upon one leg, ſet one hand by your ſide, ſwell, look fierce and killing, now take an angry march round, now turn ſhort Cock before and behind at once, now quickly draw, ha, advance with a countenance full of fury, as if you had found the man you were to ſacrifice. Sc— 'tis well, I ſhall put fit words into your mouth, and inſtruct you to diſguiſe your viſage, and alter your voice.

Harl. Eh, Signior *Plautino*, don't put me to ſwim out of my depth, I have no good heart for a Lyon.

Plaut. O a Lamb in a Lions skin is as dreadful to the eye as a Lions whelp.

Harl. And let the fear of the Galleys be before your eyes.

Plaut. We'l ſhare the danger betwixt us, three years more or leſs in the Galleys is not ſufficient to reſtrain a noble heart from a brave underſtanding. *Exeunt.*

The End of the firſt Act.

Act. II. Scene I.

Enter *Plautino* and *Spittzaferro*.

Spitt. Ah Signior *Plautino*, I meet you very luckily, I was juſt coming to find you.

Plaut. For what Signior *Spittzaferro*?

Spitt. To ask your advice about a buſineſs I have in hand.

Plaut. I'm very glad I meet you, here we may diſcourſe with freedom.

Spitt. Be cover'd I beſeech you, 'tis concerning a matter of great importance, but it is not good to proceed in matters of this nature without the counſel and advice of Friends.

Plaut. I take it as a particular honour, Signior *Spittzaferro*, that you make choice of me. Well Sir, acquaint me with the buſineſs.

Spitt. But firſt I deſire you not to flatter me, but really and truly to tell me your thoughts.

Plaut. Well, ſince you deſire it, I will.

Spitt. There's nothing I ſhould ſooner find fault with, than a friend that won't freely tell me his mind.

Plaut. You are in the right.

Spitt. In this Age 'tis very hard to find a ſincere friend.

Plaut. Very true.

Spitt. Wherefore Signior *Plautino* give me your advice, with all the freedom imaginable.

Plaut. There's my Hand upon't.

Spitt. Swear to me.

Plaut. By our friendſhip, as I hope to live. Now tell me what iſt?

Spitt. I wou'd know whether you think it convenient for me to marry or not?

Plaut. For you to marry?

Spitt. Yes, I my ſelf in Perſon, what wou'd you counſel me?

Plaut. I tell you plainly, that 'twill be very indiſcreetly done of you to marry, for marriage is a thing that even young people ought to conſider of before they do it, and if marriage at the beſt be counted the greateſt of follies, what can be worſe than to be guilty of this folly, at an Age when we ſhou'd be more diſcreet. In ſhort Sir, I tell you my opinion, I wou'd not counſel you to marry, and you'l be thought the indiſcreeteſt man in the world, having liv'd free to theſe years, if you ſhou'd now thruſt your neck into the yoak.

Spitt. And I tell you Signior *Plautino*, that I'm reſolv'd to marry, come what will, and that no body will count me a fool for marrying the Gentlewoman I pretend to, when once they ſee what manner of perſon ſhe is.

Plaut. O! that alters the Caſe, you did not tell me that.

Spitt. She's one that's very pritty, and one that I love very well.

Plaut. You love her very well?

Spitt. With all my heart, and I have her Fathers conſent.

Plaut. Oh, you have her Fathers conſent too?

Spitt. Yes, and I have promis'd to be marri'd to morrow.

Plaut. O Marry, Marry, I have no more to ſay.

Spitt. I was formerly againſt marrying, but now I conſider if I continue as I am, the race of the *Spittzaferro*'s will be at an end, and in marrying I ſhall live after I am dead, in my iſſue.

Plaut. Therefore you'l do very well to marry.

Spitt. Yes, what a pleaſure I ſhall take to ſee a Company of little Creatures, to whom I gave life and motion, and are ſo many ſmall Figures of my ſelf, there ſhall I ſee my ſelf drawn to the life in little. O how theſe little images will be hopping and jumping about me, and calling me Pa pa, talking and prattling, and telling me a company of pritty little fooliſh tales, O the dear pritty little Poppets, what can be more delightful.

Plaut. Nothing in the world, therefore marry the firſt thing you do.

Spitt. Very good, you give me that Counſel.

Plaut. I counſel you, you can't do better.

Spitt. Truly I am very well pleaſed to find you counſel me ſo like a friend.

Plaut. But who is this Perſon you are to marry?

Spitt. One Miſtreſs *Aurelia.*

Plaut.

Plaut. What the pritty young Miſtriſs *Aurelia*?

Spitt. Yes.

Plaut. She that is ſo modiſh and waggiſh?

Spitt. Yes.

Plaut. Daughter to Signior *Jeronimo*?

Spitt. The ſame.

Plaut. And Siſter to young *Alberto* that has a command in the Caſtle?

Spitt. 'Tis ſhe, but him I never ſaw yet, he's in the Country.

Plaut. Mercy upon me?

Spitt. What ſay you Signior?

Plaut. A very fit perſon for you, marry with all ſpeed.

Spitt. Have I not made a good choice?

Plaut. A rare one, ah, what a fine Wife will you have, Marry, Marry, Marry Signior *Spittzaferro*.

Spitt. Your approbation pleaſes me extreamly, I give you many thanks for your good counſel, and invite you to my Wedding to morrow.

Plaut. I'le not fail to come. The young *Aurelia* Daughter to Signior *Jeronimo*, marry'd to Signior *Spittzaferro*, that is not above 53 years of Age; oh what a match, what a fine match is this? *Exit.*

Spitt. This match muſt needs be very happy, for every body is much pleas'd that hears on't, I have not told it to one but ſmil'd at my choice as ſoon as I ſpeak, I ſhall to morrow be the happieſt man in the world. O here comes my Miſtreſs.

Enter Aurelia.

Ah! how pritty, what an Air, how delicately ſhap'd, and what a Stature! Can any man ſee her and not have a mind to her? whether art thou going my little Poppet, my dear Wife that is to be, of thy Husband that muſt be?

Aur. I'm going about a little buſineſs.

Spitt. Euh---good, my little Mopſie, the hour is coming that we two muſt make one another happy, I can do with you what e're I pleaſe, without any Body's ſaying why do you ſo? or is it well done? you will be mine all over from head to foot, I ſhall then be your right owner, and Maſter of you all over, of your pritty waggiſh Eyes, of that pretty little Roguiſh Noſe, of thoſe Cherry-Cherry lips, of thoſe little, little, fritter Ears, of thoſe

pretty blub-cheeks, --- of that dimpl'd, dimpl'd Chin, of thoſe round, hard, panting Bubbies, of your ſoft, white Skin, of your-- Euh--oh! -- In fine, every part and particle of you will be ſolely and wholly at my diſpoſal; and I ſhall be the like to you, to be ſtroak'd and kiſs'd, and do what e're you pleaſe with. Are you not glad of this Marriage, my little Wanton?

Aur. Moſt extremely glad, I'll aſſure you: For to ſay truth, my Father's ſeverity has kept me in a moſt intollerable ſubjection, I have been almoſt mad for a little more liberty, and eſpecially e're ſince he was ſick. He has kept me ſo mew'd up in his warm Chamber, that I have wanted room to breath in. Were it not for you, that I muſt go abroad to buy things for our Wedding, I ſhou'd never have ſtirr'd from him: Ah! the freſh Air is ſo comfortable to me.

Spitt. --- And the ſight of me, ——

Aur. Above all, -- I have wiſh'd a thouſand times that he would marry me to ſomebody, that I might get out of his Juriſdiction, and be a little more at my own diſpoſal; and you, I thank you, are come moſt luckily to do me that good turn.

Spitt. I'll take you into my tuition.

Aur. Aye-- Signior *Spittzaſerro*, and now I'l be preparing to lead a pleaſanter life, to take my full ſwing of pleaſure, to make amends for what I have loſt.

Spitt. Eumh!

Aur. Now, Sir, you being a very brave perſon, well bred and one that underſtands what it is to live, I believe that we ſhall do well together; and that you will not be one of thoſe troubleſome Husbands that wou'd have their Wives live ſneaking and mew'd up; 'tis a thing that does not at all agree with me, I ſhou'd never away with't in a Husband; I can't endure a dull ſolitary life, 'tis directly againſt my humour; I'm all Air and Mirth; I like to go where I pleaſe, and do what I liſt.

Spitt. Eumh!

Aur. I love Viſiting, Plays, Balls, Maſquerades, and good Company: I'm for good Clothes,---- a fine Coach, and handſome Liveries, and appearing amongſt the beſt, as well dreſt, and as rich as any of e'm.

Spitt. Eumh! yes, yes.

Aur. In fine, I'm reſolv'd to make my life as pleaſant as I can; and I know you'l think your ſelf happy to have a Wife of my humour.

Spitt.

Spitt. Eumh;-- Yes, yes.

Aur. We'l never be medling, nor thwarting one another; I'l not concern my ſelf at what you do: As I hope, on the other ſide, you'l not be contradicting, or telling me what I ſhall do.

Spitt. Eumh; no, no.

Aur. As for my part, I think there ought to be a mutual compliance, and that people ought not to marry to be troubleſome to one another. In fine, when we are married we'l live like two that underſtand one anothers humour; no jealouſy nor ſuſpitions ſhall trouble your head, but it ſhall be ſufficient that you have an aſſurance of my fidelity; as I ſhall have a good opinion of yours. But what troubles you, I perceive your countenance much chang'd on the ſudden?

Spitt. Some ſplenatick vapours that riſe and dizzy my brain.

Aur. 'Tis a diſtemper that abundance are troubled with. But our Marriage will take away all that. Adieu, Signior *Spittzaferro*, my dear Husband,--- That muſt be, of your Wife that is to be. I am in a little haſt at preſent, becauſe I have not Clothes and things about me as I wou'd have; I'm juſt going to buy me what things I want, you ſhall ſee how fine I'l be to morrow---- Adieu Signior *Spittzaferro*. *Ex.*

Enter Plautino.

Plaut. Signior *Spittzaferro*, I'm glad to find you ſtill here: I met juſt now a Jeweller who had the fineſt Diamond-Ring that I have ever ſeen; and thinking you might want one to preſent to your Mrs. I earneſtly entreated him to come to you, and let you ſee't. He will be here preſently.

Spitt. No haſt, no haſt, Sir.

Plaut. How! what mean you, Signior *Spittzaferro*, you were very hot upon't e'en now?

Spitt. Since that I have ſome ſcruples come into my head concerning my Marriage: I will very well conſider on't before I proceed any farther; I wou'd fain have ſomebody interpret to me a Dream which I had laſt night; and but juſt now call to mind. You know that Dreams are as they were Glaſſes, that repreſent to us things that ſhall happen. I dreamt that I

was

was in a Ship, and the Sea very tempeſtuous; and that---

Plaut. Signior *Spittzaferro*, I have a little urgent buſineſs at preſent that will not let me ſtay to hear you out; I have no skill in dreams, beſides, I give no credit to e'm. But as for conſultation about your Marriage, hear a couple of very learn'd Philoſophers, your Neighbours, Signior *Scaramouch*, and Signior Doctor *Pancracio*, one a bold *Ariſtotelian*, and the other a modeſt Academick; with them you may debate about every particular of your Marriage, they being of different Sects, you may hear their ſeveral opinions, and from both judg what's beſt for you to do; for my part, I'm ſatisfi'd with what I ſaid to you before: And ſo your Servant. *Exit.*

Spitt. He's in the right; I ought in this caſe to conſult theſe learned Men. *Exit.*

Enter Pancracio and Scaramouch.

Panc. This unadviſed Marriage of my Son extremely alters the meaſures we had taken.---

Scar. Strange folly of youth!

Panc. But no matter, Signior *Scaramouch.*

Scar. Let me tell you that---

Panc. I'l ſuddenly remove all obſtacles.

Scar. That the education of children---

Panc. Is not altogether ſufficient to prevent e'm from running into extravagancies, becauſe nature is ſubject to frailty, and we are ſometimes deceived by ill under the ſpecies of good.

Scar. Signior, no, that---

Panc. That it is better to beſtow it upon a Son than an Eſtate, becauſe Wealth reſpects only the body, and may be taken from us; but we cannot be depriv'd of our virtues, which are the riches of the mind, becauſe more permanent, and of greater importance.

Scar. No, that---

Panc. That it cannot be taught in old age, becauſe the habits that are grown up with us are too deeply fix'd in nature, to be rooted out.

Scar. No, that---

Panc. That unleſs it be given to youth, they will miſcarry all their life long, becauſe they want the Bridle that ſhou'd curb and reſtrain e'm in their full carreer. *Scar.*

Scar. No, that----

Panc. That nothing can be more beneficial, because without it we are things unpoliſh'd, and rather Bruits than Men.

Scar. No, that----

Panc. That, what? what, Signior *Scaramouch*?

Scar. Euh! Signior Doctore!

Panc. Oh, *Bono*! ---

Scar. Oh, *Patientia*! ----

Panc. Signiorſi.

Scar. That the education of children----

Panc. Is a task----

Scar. Signior, no.

Panc. Is of that conſequence.

Scar. Signior, no.

Panc. Is of ſuch a value----

Scar. Signior, no.

Panc. Is a thing t----

Scar. Signior, no, no, no, Signior no.

Panc. Why, what is it then, Signior *Scaramouch*?

Scar. You have done?

Panc. Signiorſi.

Scar. You have no more to ſay?

Panc. Signior, no.

Scar. You are ſatisfy'd.

Panc. Signiorſi.

Scar. You'l hear me now?

Panc. Signiorſi.

Scar. And not interrupt me?

Panc. Signior, no.

Scar. You promiſe?

Panc. Yes.

Scar. Upon your word?

Panc. Yes.

Scar. We'l talk ſome other time then.

Panc. O! *que Diavolo!* [*Walks gravely away.*

Scar. Hola! Signior *Scaramouch*, let us diſcourſe a little.

{Panc. *goes after him, and takes him by the ſleeve.* Scaramouch *returns.*

Scar. I ſay then, the Education of children.

Panc. Aye, the Education of children

Scar.

Scar. Is a thing not to be expected from every Father; for no one is fit to give Education to youth---- { *This is ſpoke at the ſame time that* Pancrace *ſpeaks.*

Enter Harlequin.

{ *Sees e'm both gabling together, comes and ſtands betwixt e'm, laughs, looks in their faces, and runs out.*----

But ſuch as are of great Reaſon and Judgment. Hence it proceeds that ſo many Sons miſcarry, becauſe their Parents fooliſhly preſuming on their own abilities, will be giving directions when they want it themſelves: And how is it poſſible that any ſhou'd be well inſtructed, when he that will teach, needs to be taught. No, no, they who cannot give ſome eminent proof of their Abilities, ought rather to commit their Pupils to the care of thoſe who are of known ſufficiency, and thorowly experienc'd in the Principles and Rudiments of----

{ *Enter* Harl. *with a Drum, ſtands betwixt e'm, and beats lowder and lowder; they turn from each other, and hold their ears. He goes out laughing.*

Panc. Concurs ſo much to their future being, that it is a duty incumbent on all Parents, to ſee e'm well brought up, and endoctrinated; for without Education our life is offenſive to others, and a burthen to our ſelves; and Education conſiſts principally in three points, Firſt, in the Authority of him that inſtructs: Secondly, in his Care; and Thirdly, in his Ability: He muſt have Authority, or he is not regarded; for Youth is headſtrong; he muſt have Care, becauſe they are heedleſs; he muſt have Abilities, becauſe many are indocile, and hard to be taught; and nothing but the ſoundneſs of his Reaſon can expel their Ignorance; which being innate and---- *Exit.* { *This is ſpoke at the ſame time as that above.*

Panc. Oh! ſo; Signior *Scaramouch.* { *Looks about, ſees no-body, and turns to* Scaramouch.

Scar. Signior.
Panc. Speak.
Scar. Si.

{ Pancracio *ſtands in a poſture leaning his ear, as liſtning to what* Scar. *will ſay;* Scar *does the ſame to him.*

{ *As they ſtand liſtning,* Harl. *enters, ſtands betwixt 'em, looks in their faces; burſting into a little laughter, retreats, ſings, and laughs.*

Harl. Ha! he! he! he! hi! *Ex.*
Panc. Signior *Scaramouch.*
Scar. Ap--pouh.
Panc. Speak.
Scar. Ap--pouh
Harl. Ah--he--he--hi!

{ Harl. *hits each a pat with his Sword on the Buttocks; as they each turn round,-- he paſſes betwixt them, and goes out: they, in in turning, face each other.*

Panc. Signior *Scaramouch*, what have you to ſay?
Scarl. Nothing.
Panc. Nothing?
Scarl. Nothing, Signior *Pancrace*, but that if your Son had had a diſcreet Father for his Inſtructor, he wou'd have known better things e're this, than making of Contracts and Marriages.
Panc. But what if the Son of Signior *Scaramouch*, that has learnt the fine Accompliſhments of Muſick, Dancing, Fencing and Riding, and that has had ſuch a wiſe Father to govern him, has done the like?
Scarl. How, Signior *Pancrace*?
Panc. Even ſo.
Scarl. I underſtand not the Riddle.
Panc. *Harlequin* can explain it. --- Adieu.
Scarl. Done the like! O here he comes.

Enter Octavio.

Octav. Good-morrow to you Sir.
Scarl. *Octavio!*
Oct. Your Bleſſing.
Scarl. No matter for Ceremony.

Oct. Are you unwilling to receive the tenders of my duty?

Scarl. I have other buſineſs with you.

Oct. What, Sir?

Scarl. Stand before me, look me full in the face; fix your eyes upon my forhead.

Oct. No Sir.

Scarl. I read guilt in your looks.

Oct. What do you mean Sir?

Scarl. What horrid thing have you done?

Oct. Nothing, Sir, to offend you.

Scarl. Nothing?

Oct. No, Sir.

Scarl. You'l not confeſs,-- *Harlequin* ſays true.

Oct. Harlequin!

Scarl. O, do you bluſh at that?

Oct. Has he told you any thing of me?

Scarl. I'm in haſt, look to't; if thou haſt diſhonour'd me, I'le renounce thee: And come not in my ſight. *Ex.*

Enter Cynthio, Harlequin.

Oct. O! Are you there, Sir? I'm glad to find your Worſhip.

Harl. Eh! your Servant, Sir; your Humble Servant, Signior *Octavio*,-- I am your moſt Humble Servant.

Oct. You are very Ceremonious, but I ſhall ſpoil your Compliment, and let you underſtand,

Harl. Ah! Signior *Octavio*! } Octavio *draws.* Harl. *falls on's knees.*

Cynt. O! hold.

Oct. Pray don't hinder me.

Harl. Eh! Signior!--

Cynt. Signior *Octavio*.

Oct. Pray don't interpoſe.

Cynt. O! pray don't offer to--

Harl. Eh!--- How have I offended, in what?

Oct. You are ignorant, are you?-- I'le give you inſtructions, I will.

Cynt. Pray be pacify'd.

Oct. Ho; I'l make the Rogue inſtantly confeſs his treachery;

yes

yes Sirrah, I will: you thought it should never have been discover'd, but I'll have an open confeſſion from thy own mouth, or run my Sword down your throat as deep as ever it was in the ſcabbard.

Harl. Ah! poor *Harlequin*, can you have the heart to—

Oct. Confeſs then.

Harl. Signior, I confeſs I have offended you.

Oct. O, have you ſo!

Harl. Truly I have done you wrong, I confeſs it, Signior; but I don't know in what.

Oct. I'll refreſh your memory.

Cynt. No, no, Signior *Octavio*.

Harl. Well, Sir, ſince I muſt, I confeſs that my Companions and I drank up three of thoſe ſix Flasks of *Florence*-Wine you ſent to your Friend for a Preſent; when I told you that a Tile fell from the top of a Houſe which was mending, and dropt juſt into my Basket, and broke 'em.

Oct. O! did you drink it, Raſcal, did you?

Harl. Yes Sir, and ask your pardon.

Oct. I'm glad I know't. But this is not the thing I now queſtion you about.

Harl. This not the thing?

Oct. No, 'tis a buſineſs that more neerly concerns me.

Harl. I have done nothing elſe.

Oct. Have you not, Sir, have you not?

Harl. Eh!

Cynt. Hold! hold!

Harl. Eh! Signior, yes, yes: About a fortnight ſince, when you ſent me one night to your Miſtreſs, to Preſent her with the Gold-Watch, and I return'd cover'd over with dirt, and my face bloody, and told you that I was ſet upon by Rogues in the dark, as I went croſs the ſquare, who knockt me down, and rob'd me both of that and my Money—

Oct. So.—

Harl. It was all but invention, I went and ſold it.

Oct. You ſold it, you did.—

Harl. Yes, but can't imagine how you ſhou'd come to know't.

Oct. A very good confeſſion.

Harl. Signior, I wanted a ſmall ſum of Money.

Oct. But this is not the thing neither I was reſolv'd to know.

Harl. No? oh! I am very ſick, Signior.

Oct. No, Villain, this is not it; but I'll make you out with it, or—— [*offers to ſtrike.*

Cynt. Hold.

Harl. Eh!—Well, Signior, you remember one night, as you came home from your Miſtreſſes, that a Rogue came behind you, and knockt you down into the kennel with a great Club, and all ſpoil'd your new Clothes.——

Oct. Yes.

Harl. 'Twas I, Signior, laid you ſprawling, and then fell all along my ſelf, as if I had been knockt down too, and cry'd out Thieves! Thieves!

Oct. It was your Rogiery, yes.

Harl. Only, Signior, to make you keep better hours, and cauſe you to come home ſooner a nights from your Miſtreſſes, where you uſed to ſit up late, and let me ſtand waiting for you without in the cold, to the great prejudice of my health.

Oct. A precious ſervant, when time and place are more convenient, we'l talk more at large of theſe particulars; but at preſent I am only concern'd to know what thou haſt lately done to me, yet worſe than all this.

Harl. Not this neither.

Oct. No, Sirrah!

Harl. This is all.

Oct. This all?

Harl. Signiorſi.

Oct. No, Sirrah, this is not all, and I'l not leave thee till thou haſt confeſt the very thing.

Harl. But will you leave me then?

Oct. But confeſs. [*Offers to ſtrike.*

Harl. Eh! Signior, tell me what 'tis, and I'l confeſs with all my heart.

Oct. Quick, Sirrah, quick; I'm in haſt.

Harl. Let it alone till another time, and I'l think on't againſt I ſee you next.

Oct. Sirrah, one minutes delay, and thou art dead.

Harl. Eh! Signior *Octavio*; Mercy, Signior, I have told you all.

Oct. This all?

Harl. Signiorſi.

Oct.

Oct. You'l not confeſs then what you told my Father?

Harl. Your Father! yes---

Oct. What?

Harl. Nothing.

Oct. Nothing?

Harl. Signior, no.

Oct. No?

Harl. Signior, no.

Oct. Look to't, I had it from his own mouth.

Harl. Signior, with your permiſſion, Heaven won't bleſs him, if he tells lies.

Oct. If I find you did, I'l cut your throat as ſure---

Enter Plautino.

Plaut. Sir, I bring you ill news.

Cynt. What, *Plautino*?

Harl. Cut my throat! Signior, no; Signior *Octavio*, *Servitore.* *Ex.* running.

Plaut. The *Egyptians* are upon going away with your *Zerbinetta*, and ſhe, with tears in her eyes, charg'd me to come with all ſpeed, to acquaint you, that if you don't come and bring the Money (within two hours) which the Company demand for her, you will loſe her for ever; for they intend for *Germany*.

Cynt. Within two hours!

Plaut. At ſartheſt.

Cynt. Without thy aid, *Plautino*, I am wretched. If thou haſt no invention to procure the Sum, I'm undone for ever.

Plaut. How much is't?

Cynt. Five hundred Ducats.

Oct. And I am ruin'd too, if thou canſt not procure me 200 Piſtols.

Plaut. I have a Mint in my Brain, and I'l coin ſo much for you both preſently.

Cynt. But time preſſes the performance.

Plaut. I'l make both your Fathers Purſes bleed for't. As for your buſineſs, the Engine is already fitted. Well, let's about our deſign: Where's *Harlequin*? he muſt make one.

Cynt. Your threats have made him deſert us.

Plaut. He'l be a neceſſary Impliment.

Oct.

Oct. I'l endeavour to regain him before he's got quite out of our reach.

Cynt. His fear will make him avoid you.

Plaut. I'l hunt him out. *Exeunt.*

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. I'l have no more to do with young men; I'l apply my ſelf to the old, that are grave and ſerious. I'l go and conſult with Signior *Pancrace*, the learn'd Doctor, to know how I ſhall be a wiſe man. Hola! Signior Doctore!

Enter Pancraccia.

Panc. Who's there?

Harl. Your Servant, Signior Doctore.

Panc. O ho! *Harlequin*, what news?

Harl. Signior *Pancrace*, I have a mind to be a Philoſopher.

Panc. Good.

Harl. I am vext that my Father and Mother did not breed me up to be a Scholar when I was young.

Panc. A very rational reflection; *Nam ſine Doctrina vita eſt quaſi mortis Imago*; You know what that is, you underſtand Latin?

Harl. Yes, but in a manner as it were that I did not. Tell me the meaning of't, I pray.

Panc. That is to ſay; Without learning, life is but the Image of death.

Harl. I find this Latin has much of truth in't. Pray give me your inſtructions, for I have a mind to be one of your Sect.

Panc. You have the Foundation of Knowledg already, the Principles and Rudiments of Learning.

Harl. Eh; yes, yes, I can write and read.

Panc. What is it you have moſt mind to learn? Logick?

Harl. Logick! what is Logick?

Panc. Logick is that which directeth the three operations of the underſtanding.

Harl. The three operations of the underſtanding! what be they?

Panc. The firſt, the ſecond, and the third; the firſt is, to apprehend

prehend well by the means of the Universals. The second is, to judg well by means of the Categories. The third is, to draw a consequence well by means of the Figures, *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton, &c.*

Harl. He's Conjuring,]*Starts back.*

Panc. Come near.

Harl. What are these, the names of Spirits, or of Heathen Philosophers?

Panc. The names of Figures, the chief things in Logick?

Harl. Logick then I find is full of cramp-words; teach me something that is not so crabbid, something that I may learn with pleasure.

Panc. Have you a mind to learn Morals?

Harl. Morals! what's the meaning of Morals?

Panc. Moral Philosophy treats of Happiness, teaches men to moderate their Passions, and---

Harl. Eh; Signior, no; I can't moderate my passions; when I am vext, I am as angry as the Devil in Hell, and hearken to no manner of reason, therefore Morals will be in vain.

Panc. Wou'd you then learn Physicks, or Natural Philosophy?

Harl. What is that about?

Panc. It explicates the Principles of natural things, and the Proprieties of bodies: It discourses of the nature of the Elements, Metals, Minerals, Stones, Plants, and Animals: and teaches the cause of Meteors, of the Rainbow, of Comets, Lightnings, Thunder, of Rain, Snow, Hail, of Winds, Tempests, and Earthquakes.

Harl. There's too much hurry in this, it makes too great a din in a man's ears, and giddies his brain.

Panc. Meta-Physicks then?

Harl. Meta-Physicks, Signior! Meta-Physicks?

Panc. Treats of Heaven, and Angels, of Spirits and——

Harl. No, I'l have nothing to do with Spirits.

Panc. What wou'd you learn then?

Harl. Teach me to spell well, that I may write so, as people may know what it means.

Panc. Oh, Orthography!

Harl. Yes, Orthography.

Panc. O, very well; have you e're a Primmer?

Harl. I learn the Primmer!

Panc. Yes, 'tis very requiſite for a man that will be a Philoſopher, to underſtand the Primmer well.

Harl. I was a Philoſopher twenty years ago then. Teach me ſomething that is mighty fine to know, ſomething that is very curious, that I may paſs for one deeply learn'd. Teach me to underſtand the Almanack.

Panc. The Almanack?

Harl. Yes, that I may know how many days are in a week, how many weeks in a month, how many months in a year.

Panc. Good.

Harl. How to know when Quartet-day comes, and how often in a year: that I may be ſure never to loſe any of my wages.

Panc. Good! ſo.

Harl. That I may know when the Wind blows, or does not blow; when it rains, or not rains; or when the Moon ſhines, or does not ſhine.

Panc. Things very material, and neceſſary to be learnt: follow me, and I'l carry you to a fine old Gentlewoman that lives hard-by, who ſhall inſtruct you.

Harl. Is ſhe a Philoſopher, Signiore?

Panc. A profound one, and deeply skill'd in the Primmer, and the Almanack. Come, I'l recommend you to her, and ſhe ſhall take pains with you.

Harl. Your Servant, Signiore *Pancrace*.

Exeunt.

The End of the ſecond Act.

Act *III.* Scene *I.*

A School-Room.

The Scene draws, and diſcovers Harlequin *amongſt a company of little children at School, all gabling together in a School-tone; the Miſtreſs ſitting in the middle in a great Chair, with a great Rod and a Ferrula ſticking upright at either corner of the back o'the Chair.* Harl. *ſnatches a piece of Bread and Butter out of one of the childrens hands; the child falls a crying.*

3d Sch. EUnh! Eunh! Eunh!

Miſtr. How now? who's that makes a noiſe there?

1ſt Sch. The new Scholar.

2d Sch. The new Scholar.

Miſt. Child, come hither; what makes you cry, tell me?

3d Sch. H'has got my Bread and Butter.

Miſt. Cuds-lidikins, he; which is that he?

3d Sch. He there.

Miſt. My new Scholar! does he play ſuch tricks already?

Harl. I was very hungry, Signiora Philoſopher.

Miſt. I ſhall teach you better manners.

Harl. I ask'd for a piece, and the croſs Chit wou'd give me none.

Miſt. And therefore you were ſo rude to ſnatch it?

Harl. I had not eat my Breakfaſt to day.

Miſt. Look you do ſo no more.

Harl. Mayn't a Philoſopher eat Bread and Butter?

Miſt. Come, which of all you Dunces that ſtay behind here, can ſay your Leſſons, that you may go home after your fellows?

All Sch. I, I, I, I, I, I.

Miſt. Look to't, they that tell me they can, if they can't,

ſhall be whipt; therefore ſit you down, and mind your Books till I come agen, that you may be perfect.

{ Harlequin *goes and ſits in the Miſtreſſes Chair, takes the Rod and plays with it; pulls out an Apple, and eats and ſings with his mouth full.*

1ſt, 2d, 3d Sch. O brave! O brave!

1ſt Sch. I'l tell my Miſtreſs.

2d Sch. I'l tell my Miſtreſs.

1ſt, 2d, 3d Sch. Ha! ha! ha!

Harl. You, little boy, come hither, and ſay your Leſſon.

1ſt Sch. Pray, who are you?

Harl. I'm a Philoſopher.

1ſt Sch. Ha! ha! ha! A Philoſopher! Pray, Mr. Philoſopher, come out of my Miſtreſſes Chair.

{ *They throw Books at him, and pull him to come out.*

All Sch. Ay, come out of the Chair, come out.

Harl. I'm a Philoſopher! I'm a Philoſopher! I'm a Philoſopher!

Enter Miſtreſs. { *They all run to their places.* Harl. *ſees the Miſtreſs, and runs to her.*

Miſt. So, what's to do here?

Harl. O que Diavolo!

Miſt. This is fine! my back's no ſooner turn'd, but you are all at your Gambols: Come, for this trick, he that has not his Leſſon perfect, ſhall be ſent home with a good whipping: and firſt, let's ſee what you can do, you, Mr. Philoſopher.

Harl. Signiora!

Miſt. Come, and ſtand by my Chair; ſo, ſtand upright. How chance you han't waſh'd your hands to day?

Harl. O! no matter.

Miſt. No matter, ſaid you?

Harl. I forgot it.

Miſt. Forget to waſh 'em another morning, and I'l ſcour 'em for you with a good Rod.

Harl. Ha! ha! he!

Miſt. Out, you great ſloven; come to School with dirty hands!

Harl. Euh, Signiora! well enough, well enough.

Miſt.

Miſt. Well enough! but let me find it ſo agen, and it ſhall be ill enough with you.

Harl. Mayn't a Philoſopher have dirty-hands?

Miſt. Look I ſee't no more ſo.

Harl. What does Mrs. Philoſopher concern her ſelf ſo with my hands, for?

Miſt. Come, let me hear you ſay your Leſſon now. Shut your Book, ſay over the Alphabet, begin.

Harl. A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, n, p.

Miſt. N, p! what's the next letter to N?

Harl. P.

Miſt. P, agen? there's the ſecond fault; hold out your hand.

Harl. My hand?

Miſt. Hold it out to receive inſtruction, thus; ſo, now look on the top of the houſe, and ſee what letter ſticks on the Seeling. { *He holds out his hand, ſhe hits him with a Ferruka.*

Harl. O!

Miſt. O then is the next letter, l, m, n, o. This, I ſee, will make you a Scholar.

Harl. I find 'tis as Mr. *Doctore* ſaid, ſhe's a profound Philoſopher.

Miſt. N, O, P; then go on.

Harl. N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z.

Miſt. How, open your Book, and read.

Harl. A, b, ab, e, b, eb, i, b, ib, o, b, ob, u, b, ub. B, a, ab.

Miſt. How's that? b, a, ſpell ab?

Harl. Yes.

Miſt. A, b, ſpells ab; B, a, ſpells--- what? what ſays the Sheep?

Harl. What ſays a Sheep? Ha! ha! ha! he!

Miſt. What ſays the Sheep?

Harl. The Sheep ſays--- Ha! ha! he! nothing can a Sheep ſpeak.

Miſt. Did you never hear a Sheep cry Ba?

Harl. Ba? yes.

Miſt. Well then, B, a, ſpells Ba; this is the third fault. Come, a ſound whipping will quicken your apprehenſion.

Harl. Ha, ha, he.

Miſt. I am glad to ſee you ſo chearful; come, put your head through the back o'this Chair.

Harl. What means Mrs. Philoſopher?

Miſt. Come down, down, I ſay--- [*Hits his hand with a Rod.*

Harl. Eh,--- Eh,--- Mrs. Philoſopher.

Miſt. How long muſt I ſtand waiting on you? Down, down, I ſay. [*Hits him agen.*

Harl. Eh,--- Eh,--- Mrs. Philoſopher.---

Miſt. Down with your head.---- [*Hits him agen.*

Harl. Eh, Eh.

Miſt. So, children, one of you untruſs his Points quickly.

Harl. Ha, whipt! whip a Philoſopher? Eh,--- Eh,--- Mrs. Philoſopher, Mrs. Philoſopher.

Miſt. Untruſs, untruſs, does he reſiſt; here, every one of you take a Rod, and help me. *Whips his hand.*

Harl. puts his head through the back o'the Chair, lifts it up, runs about the Room with it hanging on his neck; all the children take Rods, and with the Miſtreſs, run about the Stage whipping him. He runs out, the Scene ſhuts.

Harl. Eh,--- Eh,--- Eh, Signiora Mrs. Philoſopher, Signiora Mrs. Philoſopher. Eh, Eh, Eh.---- *Exeunt.*

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. Whipt! a Pox o' Mrs. Philoſopher. Whipt! Devil take Mrs. Philoſopher. O! here comes Signior *Scaramouch*; I'l go and conſult with him. Signior *Scaramouch*!

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. Harlequin!

Harl. Signior *Scaramouch*, I am diſguſted with the affairs o'the World, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to other things. I have a deſire to be a Philoſopher.

Scar. A Philoſopher?

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. Hola! --- within there! Prepare the habit of a Novitiate; go, go, into the Hall, and they'l put you on the habit of a Novitiate.

Harl. A Novitiate! no, no, of a Philoſopher.

Scar. Of a Philoſopher of the firſt Claſs.

Harl.

Harl. Firſt Claſs! what's that?

Scar. Of a Novice.

Harl. O ho! of the Sect of the Novice Philoſopher.

[*Goes into the houſe, and re-enters.*

Enter Harl. *in a great Gown of Mat, with Hanging-ſleeves of the ſame, and a broad Straw-hat, with one half of the brim pull'd under his chin, parting from the head.*

Scar. Go, 'tis ready for you. So, now you have aſſum'd the Robes of a Philoſopher, 'tis requiſite your mind ſhou'd be inveſted too with the habits of a Philoſopher.

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. The habits then requiſite for the mind are theſe.

Harl. By the way, one word, I pray, Signior *Scaramouch*; are the habits of the mind for a Philoſopher, made of the ſame ſtuff as the habits of his body? Methinks this ſhou'd be a little too coarſe for the in-ſide.

Scar. A habit is a certain facility added to our power, and helping it to act.---- As for example,----a----

Harl. A certain facility!

Scar. As for example.

Harl. A certain fa,---

Scar. Eh! As for example, a Rope-dancer, who by often practiſing to dance upon a Rope, grows at laſt expert, and does it with eaſe.

Harl. So I, by often wearing my new Shooes---

Scar. What?

Harl. Wore 'em out.

Scar. Euh,--- Peuh.---

Harl. Signior *Scaramouch*, hear me now: A habit is a certain facility added to our power, and helping it to act. As for example, a Rope-dancer, who by often dancing upon the Rope, at laſt breaks his neck with eaſe.

Scar. O ſtupidity! the principal vertues requiſite in a Philoſopher, are Patience, Temperance, Sobriety and Chaſtity; the firſt is Patience, he muſt not be provoked to anger.

Harl. If I am ſtruck by any one, may I not ſtrike agen?

Scar. No.

Harl. No! If a Mule kick me, may I not kick agen?

Scar. No.

Harl. No! I'l be no Philoſopher. [*Throws off his Gown.*

Scar. Not unleſs you can kick harder than him.

Harl.

Harl. O ho! then if any one ſtrike me, I may ſtrike agen, if I think I can beat him. Cud-ſo! I find there's reaſon in Philoſophy.

Scar. The next is Temperance; a Philoſopher muſt be temperate, he muſt not eat much.

Harl. Not eat much?

Scar. No, eating dulls the brain.

Harl. Not eat much!

Scar. No.

Harl. No! I'l be no Philoſopher.

Scar. Not much Mutton, or Beef, nor ſuch groſs meat, but good Capons,-- Partridg,--and Pheaſant.--

Harl. O ho! Pray go on.

Scar. The next is Sobriety; a Philoſopher muſt not be drunk, nor given to drink.

Harl. Mayn't a Philoſopher drink?

Scar. Not much.

Harl. No, I'l be no Philoſopher.

Scar. Unleſs.

Harl. No, no, unleſs I may drink as much as I pleaſe, I'l be no Philoſopher.

Scar. No Philoſopher!

Harl. No, I love good Wine.

Scar. You muſt not drink ſour, naughty, crude Wines, but the beſt you can get; as *Monti-Pulchino*, *Montifiaſco*, and *Florence* Wines.

Harl. O ho!

Scar. Be ſure the Wine you drink, be good.

Harl. O, I'm of your opinion, Signior; I find I ſhall ſoon be a Philoſopher, becauſe I come of the kind; my Mother was a Philoſopher; for ſhe knew what was good for her; ſhe always kept the beſt for her ſelf.

Scar. The laſt is, Chaſtity; you muſt not run after Women.

Harl. Nor mayn't they come to me?

Scar. No.

Harl. I'l be no Philoſopher.

Scar. Hold.

Harl. Mayn't I lye with them neither?

Scar. No.

Harl. I'll be no Philoſopher.

Scar. Not unleſs you are marri'd.

Harl. Not unleſs I am marri'd!

Scar. And then too with great moderation.

Harl. I'll be no Philoſopher.

Scar. Hold.

Harl. Mayn't I now and then, when I've got Money, go to a Wench?

Scar. No.

Harl. Not if I'm ſure ſhe be ſound?

Scar. Upon no account.

Harl. No; I'll be no Philoſopher, I'll be no Philoſopher.

Scar. Hold, hold, hold.

Harl. No, no; I'll be no Philoſopher, no Philoſopher; I'll be no Philoſopher. *Ex.*

Scar. Euh! *Que Beſtia, Bruto, Animale.* *Ex.*

Enter Harlequin, Plautino, Cynthio, Octav.

Harl. Philoſopher; a Pox take Philoſophers; I'll be no more a Philoſopher: Not to go to a Wench! Eh, he, he.

Plaut. He's here.

Harl. Eh, Signior *Octavio*, here!

Cynt. Nay, you can't avoid us now.

Harl. Euh, Signior, I demand pardon. [*Falls on's knees.*

Plaut. *Harlequin*, you muſt along with me, now is the time for you to ſhew your Parts.

Harl. Euh, Signior *Octavio*; I demand pardon.

Plaut. Come, think of my inſtructions, and let's ſee how well you can perform, after the pains I have taken with you.

Oct. My dear *Harlequin*, liſten to his diſcourſe.

Harl. Ah ha! now, dear *Harlequin*, now you have need of me. [*Starts up, and walks huffing about.*

Oct. Go, I pardon all thou haſt confeſt, and worſe yet, if thou haſt don't.

Harl. No, Signior, no; don't pardon me, run me through, kill me; I ſhall tak't for an Honour to dye by ſo noble a hand.

Oct. No, Merit rewards by being aſſiſtant to my love.

Harl. No, Signior, kill me; Signior, kill me.

Oct. I'l forget thou ever didſt offend me.

Harl. Kill me, Signior, kill me.

Oct. I'l never be angry with thee hereafter, do what thou wilt.

Harl. Kill me, Signior, kill me.

Oct. No, I have too great a love for thee, my poor dear *Harlequin*; come, be good natur'd.

Harl. To ſurpriſe me, and ſo to affront me.

Cynt. Come, come, forget and forgive.

Harl. To call me ſo many Rogues and Villains.

Oct. It was my paſſion.

Harl. To offer to run your Sword down my throat.

Plaut. Eh, *Harlequin.*

Harl. To make me bring to light the ſecrets that had long lain buri'd under the Tombſtone of my heart.---

Oct. I am ſorry for't.

Harl. To make me diſcover what I had ſworn never to reveal.---

Oct. I ask thee pardon, my dear *Harlequin* be pacifi'd, take pitty of a poor Lover,

Cynt. This ought to mollify.

Harl. Well, you'l never take me to Confeſſion agen?---

Oct. No.

Harl. Nor kill me?

Oct. No.

Harl. Nor run me through?

Oct. No.

Harl. Nor thruſt your Sword down my throat?

Oct. No.

Harl. Well then, I pardon you.

Plaut. Go then, prepare to come forth with all ſpeed; all things are in readineſs, be gone.

Harl. Allagre, Signior *Octavio*, *Allagre.* *Ex.*

Plaut. O, here comes Signior *Pancrace* chewing the cud; be gone, and leave me to proceed in my Enterpriſe. Take care of my reſerve, and haſten him into the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pancrace.

Panc. T' have ſo little conduct and conſideration, to throw him-

himſelf into ſuch a ſnare as this! — O! the unadviſedneſs of youth!

Plaut. Sir, your Servant.

Panc. How do you, *Plautino*?

Plaut. You are thinking of your Son.

Panc. It gives me no ſmall trouble.

Plaut. Life is full of changes; it is good always to be prepar'd for the worſt.

Panc. I cou'd ha' born any thing but this.

Plaut, Every one can bear the evils which might have happned; but 'tis the part of a Philoſopher to maſter his Temper, and command his Paſſions in the evils which do happen.

Panc. I'l tell you, Mr. *Plautino*, nothing but this cou'd have mov'd me: ---- This is a thing; ---- Well, I'm juſt going to Counſel about it, to know how to remedy it.

Plaut. Pray hearken to me, Signior *Pancrace*; try ſome other way to adjuſt the buſineſs, you are not ignorant that Law requires much ſawce, and you will hang your ſelf upon dangerous Tenters.

Panc. You are in the right; but pray what is that other way?

Plaut. I went and found out the Brother of this young Woman your Son has marri'd; he is by profeſſion a *Bravo*, one that lives by cutting of throats; he never ſpeaks without an Oath in's mouth, and makes no more ſcruple to kill a man, than to blow out the ſnuff of a Candle. I diſcours'd him upon the Marriage, and found him reaſonably inclin'd to accommodate the buſineſs for a certain Sum of Money; and provided he may have it, he's contented to ſuffer a Divorce.

Panc. What is't he demands?

Plaut. Oh! 'tis very conſiderable.

Panc. But what?

Plaut. Extravagant things.

Panc. Well, let me hear?

Plaut. Nothing under 5 or 600 Piſtols.

Panc. Five or 600 Fevors and Quartan-Agues ſeize him! he does it to jeer us.

Plaut. So I told him I wou'd not give ear to ſuch a Propoſition, and ſaid that you was not a man of that eaſy temper to be whiſtled out of your Money: After a long debate, the reſult

was this; --- I am, ſays he, in a ſhort time, to go to the Army in *Flanders*; I muſt be well accoutred, and have need of Money, which makes me conſent to what otherwiſe I ſhou'd not hearken to: I want a good ſerviceable Horſe for the Wars, which will not coſt leſs than threeſcore Piſtols.

Panc. Well, threeſcore Piſtols ſhall break no ſquares.

Plaut. I ſhall want too, ſays he, a Sword, Piſtols, Scarf and Feather; which will coſt at leaſt thirty Piſtols more.

Panc. Thirty and threeſcore, make fourſcore and ten.

Plaut. Juſt.

Panc. 'Tis a great Sum, but for once I'l be content, becauſe you adviſe me.

Plaut. I ſhall want too, ſays he, a Horſe for my Man, which will coſt thirty Piſtols.

Panc. A Horſe for his Man?

Plaut. Yes.

Panc. Let him walk a-foot, and be hang'd! a Horſe for his Man! Pox on him, he ſhall have none.

Plaut. But, Sir?

Panc. No, he's an impertinent Raſcal! A Horſe for his Man!

Plaut. Auh, fye, Sir! what, wou'd you have the Servant of a Cavalier go a-foot?

Panc. E'ne let him go as he pleaſe, and the Maſter too. A Horſe for his Man!

Plaut. Come, Sir, ne'r ſtick out for ſo ſmall a matter; don't go to intangle your ſelf in Law: give it, give it, to ſave the trouble of going to Law.

Panc. Ha, well; --- Since you will have't ſo, I will. But he's a Rogue! a great Rogue! a Horſe for his Man! a Pox on him; they ſhall neither of 'em have one for me.

Plaut. Signior *Pancrace*; a Philoſopher, and recall his words!

Panc. Well then, Signior *Plautino*, becauſe I ſaid it, I'l ſtand to't.

Plaut. I muſt have too, ſays he, a Sumpter-Horſe to carry---

Panc. O! let him go to the Devil with his Sumpter-Horſe, I'l to Law.

Plaut. Ah! conſider, Sir!

Panc. No, no Sumpter-Horſe.

Plut.

Plaut. What, not a little Mule?

Panc. No, I'l to Law.

Plaut. Conſider, Signior *Pancrace.*

Panc. No, no, I'l to Law.

Plaut. Ah! not a little paltry Mule?

Panc. I'l to Law, I'l to Law.

Plaut. Of ſome 8 or 10 Piſtols price.

Panc. No, no, 3 or 4 Crowns it may be, to buy him a little Aſs.

Plaut. What, Sir; an Aſs to carry his Luggage to the Wars?

Panc. Then I'l to Law.

Plaut. No, pray don't talk of going to Law: there will be Money for Declarations, Pleas, Anſwers, Rejoynders, Sub-Rejoynders, Demurs, Motions, Non-Suits, and Removing from one Court to another: Then your Appeals. Eh!—it once you entangle your ſelf, you'l ſooner ſee the end of your Eſtate, than of your Suit of Law.

Panc. And what, I pray, will this Sumpter-Beaſt coſt?

Plaut. For his Horſe, his Man's, and the Sumpter-Horſe; and for the Piſtols, Sword, Scarf and Feather, with Bridles, Saddles, and other Furniture, and to pay ſome dribling Debts which he owes to his Landlady, Laundreſs, and ſo forth; he demands in all, 200 Piſtols.

Panc. Two hundred Piſtols?

Plaut. Yes.

Panc. Two hundred Piſtols. I'l to Law, to Law.

Plaut. Bethink your ſelf.

Panc. I'l to Law.

Plaut. Don't embroil your ſelf.

Panc. I ſay I'l to Law.

Plaut. You muſt ſpend a world of Money in Law; you muſt give the Clerks Expedition-Money, pay for Writing, Drawing, Engroſſing, Copying, Sealing, Endorſing, and all ſeveral Charges. Then for Fees in Court, Judges Fees, King's Duties. Then, Sir, what's moſt requiſite of all, Bribing of Judges: your Adverſary too does the like. So that after all, 'tis but Croſs and Pile who gets the better. O! Signior *Pancrace,* Law-expences are numberleſs; give this Fellow his Money, and there's an end; 'tis eaſier to ſatisfy one Rogue than a thouſand.

Panc. Give him 200 Piſtols!

Plaut. Yes, and be a gainer by't. I've caſt up what a Suit of Law amounts to; and I find, that giving him 200 Piſtols, will ſave you five; not reckoning your trouble, pains, vexations, going, waiting, ſending, fetching and carrying, and following a company of buſy Coxcombs, who will but laugh at you when you ha' done. I wou'd rather give 500 Piſtols than go to Law, tho I were ſure to get the better.

Panc. Laugh at the learn'd, I defy 'em.

Plaut. Signior *Pancrace*, you may do as you pleaſe; but were it to me, I'd give 200 Piſtols, and laugh at them.

Panc. No, I'll to Law, I'll to Law.

Plaut. Here comes the Gentleman himſelf.

Enter Harlequin *in the habit of a* Bravo, *with a huge Sword, and a Girdle ſtuck round with Piſtols and Daggers, which are diſcover'd by his Cloak falling off; --- and Roſy-Cheeks, with great Whiskers.*

Harl. Signior *Plautino*, carry me to this Dog of a Dr. to this damn'd Heathen Philoſopher, this old Rogue, the Father of *Cynthio.*

Plaut. For what, Signior Cavalier?

Harl. I hear he's for going to Law, and for getting a Divorce againſt my Siſter! I'l divorce him! I'l divorce his Soul from his Body!

Plaut. I know not whether he intends any ſuch thing.

Harl. I hear he does, carry me to him; I'l make a Woodcock of the Philoſopher. Pick a hole in his Skull, and ſup up his Brains for my Breakfaſt.

Plaut. He'd make no more to do't, than to ſup off a Raw-Egg. I heard indeed he will not conſent to give you 200 Piſtols, he ſays 'tis too much. *To* Pancrace *behind him.*

Harl. Death, and Heart! if I find him, I'll diſſect him; tho I'm broken alive upon the Wheel as ſoon as 'tis done.

Plaut. Signior *Pancrace* is a man of Reſolution, and perhaps does not fear you, nor any man that wears a head.

Harl. He,---he not fear me! Death, and Heart! if I find him, with this Sword I'l rip him from the Belly up to the Chin. Who'! is he there?

Plaut.

Plaut. O Signior! that's none of him, that's none of him.

Harl. Nor no Friend of his?

Plaut. On the contrary, the greateſt enemy he has.

Harl. I am glad o'that of my Soul: Signior, are you an enemy to that Logical, Moral, Phiſical, Meta-phiſical Philoſopher? that Syllogiſtical Dunder-noll Doctor? Ounds! are you his enemy? ha!

Plaut. Yes, Signior; I'l aſſure you he is.

Harl. Give me thy hand then, old Trojan; I ſwear to thee by my Reputation, by ten thouſand Devils, and all their Dams, before two days are at an end, I'l whet my Sword upon the bones of him. Therefore ſet your heart at reſt, and let me a'one to revenge all; I'l ſend his Soul to the Devil, throw his Carkaſs to the Dogs, and bring you his Brains in a Muſtard-pot; Damnation! I will Boy! --- Eh! ---

Plaut. Such things are not ſuffer'd here.

Harl. Ounds! I'm a Souldierly Philoſopher, and carry all my wealth about me; my Sword is my Plough, and another Countrey will ſerve for Tillage as well as this.--- For the death of him I will be, tho his Soul, by tranſmigration, goes preſently into a wild Bull, and he bears me away upon his Horns.

Plaut. He has heard of your threatning, and will be upon his guard; he has many Friends, Acquaintance, and Servants, that will defend him.

Harl. Let 'em come, let 'em come, a thouſand of 'em; 'tis what I deſire. S'death! --- Heart! --- and Ounds! --- Oh! that he were but here now, in the midſt of twenty friends { *Puſhes on all ſides with his Sword.* and all their Swords in their hands; Eh,--- you Rogues, you Dogs, come on! *Allone! Morblieu! Sa, ſa*; Kill, kill; no quarter; Slaſh,--- cut, thruſt,--- kill,---ſtand faſt;--- Eh! you cowardly Rogues, you Dogs, you Sons of Whores! Have at you,---at you,---at you,--- at you,--- at you! Do you give ground? Stand faſt, you Dogs; faſt! Ha! --- Eh! ---

Plaut. Eh! --- Eh! -- Eh! --- We are none of 'em, Sir.

Harl. Ha! do you rally agen? are there more of you? Have amongſt you! [*Shoots.*
There's for you! Thus wou'd I ha' ſerv'd 100 of 'em. *Ex.*

Plaut. You ſee how many throats he'd cut for 200 Piſtols. I wiſh you were well out of this buſineſs.

Exe.

Panc. *Plautino.*

Plaut. Signior.

Panc. He ſhall have 200 Piſtols.

Plaut. I am glad on't, for your ſake.

Panc. Call him, I have ſo much about me.

Plaut. Give 'em me, 'twill not be for your Honour to ſee him, now you have paſt for another; and I fear, if he ſhou'd get you in his power, he wou'd ſtand upon greater matters.

Panc. Hold your hand, but take care my buſineſs be done 'fore you part from my Money.

Plaut. I warrant you.

Panc. I'l go home and expect your coming; be ſure you ſee it done. *Ex.*

Plaut. Trouble not your ſelf, I'l bring you a good account how I part from't.---- So, here's one Bird catch'd in chaff.

Enter Cynthio.

Cynt. Have you done any thing to the comfort of a poor Lover?

Plaut. See, there are 200 drops of your Father's hearts-blood.

Cynt. Witty *Plautino*, what comfort thou giv'ſt me! Come, let's haſte to purchaſe what I value more than life. Now! my lov'd *Zerbinetta*! thou art mine! *Exeunt.*

Enter Scaramouch *and* Harlequin.

Scar. *Octavio* comes not yet near me; 'tis ſo, --- he has done ſomething; --- I'l go find him out, and make him confeſs the buſineſs.

Harl. O, Signior Philoſopher! O, Signior *Scaramouch*!

Scar. What, what?

Harl. Your Son.

Scar. Well, my Son.

Harl. Has the greateſt misfortune befallen him; alas poor Mr. *Octavio*.

Scar. What? ha!

Harl. I found him in a very melancholly mood, for ſomething you had ſaid to him; and to divert his thoughts, we took a walk

walk to the Sea-ſide; where, amongſt other things, I ſaw a Fiſherman going out; we went a-board for paſtime, to ſee ſome ſport. When we were a league off at Sea, a ſmall Veſſel made up to us; we ſuſpected nothing, but when they came they boarded us; took us all out of the Fiſher-man, and clapt us under Hatches.

Scar. *Octavio* too?

Harl. Signior ſi, they were Pyrats, Runagado-Rogues; they have ſent me a-ſhoar in a long-Boat, to tell you that if you don't immediately ſend 'em 500 Dollers, they'l carry your Son away to *Algiers*.

Scar. Five hundred Dollers?

Harl. Yes, and have allow'd me but two hours for my return.

Scar. What a murrain made him go a fiſhing?

Harl. Eh,-- Signior *Scaramouch*; a Philoſopher can bear injuries as he ought.

Scar. They demand, you ſay---

Harl. Five hundred Dollers.

Scar. Think they that's a Sum one wou'd be content to part from?

Harl. They are great fools.

Scar. And that I have nothing to do with my Money but to ſend it to them?

Harl. Pyrats, Signior, are a ſort of folks that don't underſtand Philoſophy.

Scar. Four hundred Dollars, ſay you?

Harl. Five hundred, Signior.

Scar. Five hundred?

Harl. Yes Sir, but make haſt. Hold your hand. Go and ranſom my Son. { *He holds the Purſe, and talks, which he does not let go, and carries his arm from one ſide to t'other.* Harl. *does the like.*

Harl. Yes Sir.

Scar. But tell theſe Pyrats that they are Raſcals.

Harl. Yes.

Scar. Rogues.

Harl. Yes.

Scar. Great Rogues, Thieves, Cut-throats.

Harl. Let me alone.

Scar. They get theſe 500 Dollers from me againſt my will.

Harl. Yes.

Scar. And which I wou'd not ha' given them to ſave their lives.

Harl. Very good.

Scar. And that if ever it lies in my power, I'll be reveng'd.

Harl. Yes.

Scar. Go make haſt, and bring my *Son* a-ſhoar. {*Puts the Purſe in's pocket, and is going away.*

Harl. But, Signior.

Scar. What?

Harl. Where's the Money?

Scar. Han't you't.

Harl. Not I, you put it up agen in your pocket.

Scar. I know not what I do, I'm ſo vext.

Harl. Twou'd vex a man---

Scar. What a murrain made him go a fiſhing? *Ex.*

Harl. Ha! ha! he! Signior Philoſopher!

Enter Octavio.

Oct. Harlequin.

Harl. Signior Philoſopher; Ha! ha! he!

Oct. I find thou haſt good news, thou art ſo merry?

Harl. Signior, no.

Oct. Can'ſt thou do nothing for me?

Harl. Signior, no.

Oct. Muſt I then deſpair?

Harl. I have done all I can.

Oct. Do'ſt thou give me comfort?

Harl. Signior, no; the *Stars* are unlucky.

Oct. I will then find out a place for my retreat; lye down, and ſigh away my life.

Harl. Stay, *Signior Octavio*, here's luck in a bag for you.

Oct. Thou ſheweſt me life, health, and all.

Harl. How, call me names, and run your *Sword* down my throat!

Oct. No more of that, I have forgot it.

Oct. I part with this Money, on condition that you give me leave to be reveng'd on *Signior Scaramouch*, for what he ſaid of me.

Oct. Do as thou wilt.

Harl.

Harl. There then's your Sum.

Oct. I'l haſt to tell *Aurelia* this good news. *Ex.*

Harl. And I to be reveng'd on Signior Philoſopher. *Ex.*

Enter Pancrace *and* Spittzaferro.

Spitt. So affected with Gallantry! ſuch a Lover of Balls, Maſques, and other Divertiſements! I have been all this while miſtaken in her humour, I'l not concern my ſelf at what ſhe does, or where ſhe goes! can this be wholſome to a Husband's Reputation! Well, I will hear what the learned will ſay on this point. And firſt, I'l conſult with Signior *Pancracio.*

Panc. Go, go friend, you are very impertinent, and ought to be baniſh'd the Republick of Letters.

Spitt. Oh! here he comes to my purpoſe.

Panc. Yes, and not without very good reaſon: I ſay you are a Dunce, a Blockhead, an Ignorant; an *Ignorantior*, an *Ignorantiſſimus*, an *Ignorantiſſimetiſſimus*, an *Ignoramus per omnes Caſus, Moods* and *Tenſes.*

Spitt. He has been wrangling with ſomebody in a Diſputation, Signior.

Panc. You will be arguing, and know not ſo much as the very Rudiments of Learning.

Spitt. Paſſion blinds him ſo, he ſees me not, Signior.

Panc. 'Tis a Propoſition condemn'd, confuted, rejected by all Philoſophers both Ancient and Modern.

Spitt. Somebody has much incens'd him,---I---

Panc. *Toto Cælo, Toto via aberras.*

Spitt. I kiſs your hands, Signior *Pancrace.*

Panc. Servant, Servant.

Spitt. Can I---

Panc. Do you know what you have done! A Syllogiſm in *Bocardo.*

Spitt. I deſire——

Panc. The Major's abſurd, the Minor's impertinent, and the Concluſion ridiculous.

Spitt. I deſi---

Panc. I'd ſooner dye than grant what you ſay, and I'l defend my opinion to the laſt drop of my Ink.

Spitt. Can I---

Panc. Yes, I'll defend this Propoſition; *Pgunis & calcibus, unguibus & roſtro.*

Spitt. Signior *Ariſtotle*, pray what has ſo incens'd you?

Panc. I have all the reaſon in the World.

Spitt. Pray what was't?

Panc. An illiterate Blockhead, wou'd maintain an erronious Propoſition; a falſe, damnable, deſtructive, execrable Propoſition.

Spitt. May I beg leave to know what 'twas?

Panc. Ah! Signior *Spittzaferro*, nature is this day reverſt, and the World is falling to a general decay, a moſt ſhameful Licenſe reigns every where, and the Magiſtrates who are eſtabliſht to take care of the Publick, ought to bluſh for ſhame, in ſuffering ſuch a horrible and intolerable Scandal as this.

Spitt. What, pray?

Panc. Is it not a moſt horrible thing, a thing that cries to Heaven for vengeance, that it ſhou'd be ſuffer'd, for a man publickly to cry the form of a Hat?

Spitt. How's that?

Panc. I maintain that a man ought to ſay the figure of a Hat, and not the form; yes, not *forma*, but *figura*; for there is this difference betwixt form and figure, that the form is the external diſpoſition of animate Bodies; the figure is the external diſpoſitions of Bodies inanimate: It ought to be ſaid, the figure of a Hat, and not the form. Go-to, Dunce as thou art, this is the truth of the thing, theſe are the expreſs terms of *Ariſtotle*, in his Chapter of Quality.

Spitt. Marry, I thought we had been all undone! Come, Signior *Pancrace*, think no more of this; I have a buſineſs to impart to you, I deſire----

Panc. O, impertinent Blockhead!

Spitt. Pray forget it. I deſi---

Panc. Dunce.

Spitt. I beſeech you, Sir, --- I --- de---

Panc. To defend againſt me ſuch a Propoſition as this.

Spitt. He was in the wrong,--- I---

Panc. A Propoſition condem'd by *Ariſtotle.*

Spitt. That's true,--- I---

Panc. In expreſs terms---

Spitt. Y'are in the right; yes,--- you are a Fool, a Dunce, an

Ouff.

Ouff, a Sot, a Blockhead, to diſpute againſt a Learn'd Doctor that can both write and read,—— So now the buſineſs is over, I deſire you'd give me your attention; I come to conſult with you about a buſineſs which very much puzzles me, I have thoughts of Marrying, to have a Companion in the buſineſs of the World; the perſon is handſome, and I like her very well: ſhe thinks her ſelf a happy Woman to have me for a Husband; her Father and I are agreed: But I'm a little ſtartled at a thing that you may gueſs---- of a blow that a man never feels when 'tis given him. And I deſire you, as being a Philoſopher, to tell me your opinion. How, what do you adviſe me too?

Panc. Sooner than I wou'd accord to ſay the form of a Hat, I wou'd be brought to affirm, that *datur vacuum in rerum natura*; and that I am not a Man, but a Vegetable, a Plant, or a four-footed Beaſt.

Spitt. Doubtleſs he's poſſeſt; Mr. Doctor, pray hear me a little; I have been ſpeaking to you this half hour, and you don't mind what I ſay.

Panc. I beg your pardon, I am ſo incens'd when I hear the truth oppugn'd.

Spitt. Well, Sir, forget it, and give me your attention.

Panc. Very good; --- what wou'd you with me, good Signior *Spittzaferro*?

Spitt. I wou'd ſpeak to you concerning a buſineſs.

Panc. In what, Idiom?

Spitt. Idiom!

Panc. In what Language wou'd you diſcourſe; in French?

Spitt. No.

Panc. Spaniſh? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Dutch? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Engliſh? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Latin? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Greek? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Hebrew? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Syriack? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Arabick? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Chaldea? *Spitt.* No.

Panc. Turkiſh? *Spitt.* No, no, no; in Italian, in Italian.

Panc. Oh! in Italian?

Spitt. Yes.

Panc. Go then on t'other ſide, for this ear is deſtin'd only to Scientifical Languages; and this for my Mother-tongue.

Spitt. What a deal of Ceremony there is with theſe Learn'd Men.

Panc. Well, now tell me what you wou'd have?

Spitt. I wou'd have your opinion concerning a difficulty.

Panc. A Philoſophical difficulty, without doubt.

Spitt. Excuſe me,--- I---

Panc. Perhaps you wou'd know if Subſtance and Accident be terms ſynonimus, or equivocal, in reſpect of being.

Spitt. Not at all, Signior.

Panc. If Logick be an Art or a Science?---

Spitt. Not that neither I---

Panc. If it has for its objects the three operations of the underſtanding, or only the third?

Spitt. No,--- I---

Panc. If there be ten Categorics, or only one?

Spitt. Not I--- I---

Panc. If the Concluſion be of the Eſſence of eight Syllogiſms.

Spitt. No, no,--- I.

Panc. If the eſſence of good conſiſts in the Appetibility, that is in being deſirable, or in being convenient?

Spitt. No, that I---

Panc. If good be reciprocal with the end?

Spitt. Peu! Ho! I---

Panc. If the end can move us by its real being, or by the intentional, that is, by the being it has in our apprehenſions?

Spitt. No, no, no, a Pox o'the Devil; none of all this.

Panc. Explain your ſelf then, for I can't gueſs what 'tis.

Spitt. Aye, Aye, Signior, I wou'd explain my ſelf; but you muſt hear me then: [*They ſpeak together.*

The buſineſs that I wou'd diſcourſe with you about, is this: That I have ſome thoughts of Marrying a Gentlewoman, that is young and handſome, and one who has a kindneſs for me; and I have ask'd her Fathers conſent. But now I apprehend---

Panc. Speech is given to a man [*At the ſame time.*

to explain his thoughts; and juſt as thoughts are the repreſentations of things, ſo are our words the repreſentations of our thoughts. But thoſe repreſentations are diſtinguiſh'd from

others,

others, in-as-much as other repreſentations are altogether diſtinguiſh'd from their originals; and words include in themſelves their originals, they being nothing elſe but the thoughts explicated by external ſigns; from whence it comes, that thoſe who think well, do alſo ſpeak well. Now therefore explain your thoughts to me by your words, which are, of all ſigns, the moſt intelligible.

{Spittz. *puſhes the Doctor into his houſe, and returns.*

Spittz. The Devil take all ſuch folks as won't hear a man ſpeak: I'l go find out the other Philoſopher; he perhaps may be more reaſonable, and leſs talkative.

{Panc. *comes out agen, and* Spittz. *puſhes him in.*

Panc. Now, *Ariſtotle* ſays there is this difference---

Spitt. Are you there agen with your *Ariſtotle*? Go, your Maſter *Ariſtotle*'s a Fool, and you are an Aſs.

Exeunt.

The End of the third Act.

Act *IV.* Scene *I.*

Enter Aurelia, Zerbinetta, *and* Plautino.

Plaut. YES, it was the desire of your Lovers, that you shou'd be acquainted; besides our design requires it.

Aur. I find nothing in their desires, but what is very agreeable; and 'tis not without a great deal of joy that I receive so fair an acquaintance: Nothing shall be wanting in me to perfect a friendship, that shall render us dear to each other.

Zerb. To me the Proposition is most pleasing. But, Signior Negotiator, pray give us an account by what stratagem you drew the Money from the covetous old Fathers of our Lovers?

Aur. Yes, and how your wits are employ'd for a supply. Signior *Octavio* had the hard fortune to be Arrested just then.

Zerb. Do, I love roguery at my heart;--- and you shall find by my countenance, that you don't tell it to one insensible of ingenuity.

Plaut. O! here comes Signior *Octavio* in hast; we have no leisure now.

Enter Octavio.

Oct. The enemy's at hand.

Plaut. We'l leave you the Field to deal with him I have instructed; Madam *Aurelia*, come; whilst they play their Game, I'l entertain you with the relation of what you have a desire to hear; which, I'm sure, will be diversion enough for so short a time. *Ex.* Plaut. *and* Zerb.

Enter Spittz iferro.

Spitt. This Philosopher was very impertinent and talkative:--- I'l now consult.--- Ha!--- who's this discoursing with *Aurelia*?

Oct.

Oct. How, Fair *Aurelia*! do you ſpeak this in earneſt?

Aur. In very good earneſt.

Oct. Will you Marry, then?

Aur. Yes.

Oct. And to morrow?

Aur. Yes, to morrow.

Oct. And can you (Fair, cruel One) abandon me and my vows; and forget all the obliging proteſtations you have made to me?

Aur. I marry, one not for Love, but Money, a thing which I want, and you have not; and you know well enough how the World goes with them that want Money, that muſt be had whatever it coſt. And I take this opportunity to ſet my heart at eaſe; my Husband is a man that can't live very long, I warrant you I ſhall be a Rich Widow in a year or two, and then I ſhal be able to make you amends for the injury.

Oct. Is this the Gentleman?

Aur. Yes, this is the Gentleman that is to be my Husband?

Oct. Signior, I wiſh you much joy of your Marriage, and dedicate my nobleſt Services to you; I aſſure you, you wed a Lady of great Beauty, and eminent Perfections: And to you alſo, Madam, I wiſh all happineſs imaginable; you have made an excellent Choice; He has the mein of a worthy Perſon, and the looks of one in all things adapted for a good Husband. Signior, I deſire your friendſhip, we'l keep a good correſpondence, we'l viſit, and ſee one another daily.

Aur. You do us both ſo great an honour, we ſhall always be glad of your good company.

Oct. And I ſhall be extreme glad to ſee you and your noble Bridegroom at Court, where I have intereſt, and can be able to ſerve you.

Aur. I will be often there when I am Married.

Oct. Madam, your Creature and Slave. And Signior, your Vaſſal and Humble Servant. *Exit.*

Aur. Signior *Spittzaferro*, this young Gentleman is a Courtier, he will do you any ſervice there for my ſake: But we'l talk more on't another time. I'm ſtill buſy about my affairs. Your Servant, Signior.--- To morrow,--- to morrow. *Ex.*

Spitt. To morrow, to morrow; the ſound has ſomething in't that is doleful; my mind gives no good prognoſticks of this

Marriage.

Marriage; I'll hear the opinion of Signior *Scaramouch*. Hola! Signior *Scaramouch*? [*Knocks.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. What is your pleaſure with me, Signior *Spittzaferro*?

Spitt. Signior *Scaramouch*, I want your advice in a ſmall concern, and I am come on purpoſe to be reſolv'd in my doubts: — O! this is well; here's one will hearken to a man.

Scar. Signior *Spittzaferro*; pray alter your poſitive manner of ſpeaking. Our Philoſophy teaches us not to ſpeak any deciſive Propoſition, but to diſcourſe of every thing with uncertainty, to ſuſpend always one judgment. And for this reaſon you ought not to ſay, I am come, but — I think I am come; — or, — it ſeems to me I am come.

Spitt. Seems to me, or, I think?

Scar. Yes.

Spitt. Seems to me, it may well ſeem to me, that I am come, when I am here.

Scar. That is no good conſequence; for that may ſeem, or appear to a man, which in reality is not.

Spitt. Why, am not I come hither when I am here?

Scar. That's uncertain, we can be ſure of nothing, and therefore ought to doubt of every thing.

Spitt. What, am not I here, and are not you talking to me?

Scar. It ſeems to me that you are here, and I think that I am talking to you; but yet I am not certain that it is ſo.

Spitt. Euh! what a Devil, don't I know't, and don't you know't well enough, that it not only ſeems ſo, or appears ſo, but that it is certainly ſo?

Scar. *Nego, nego*, we are ſure of nothing; and to convince you that we can have no certain knowledg, let me tell you, — there is nothing in the intellect but what was firſt in the ſenſes, and by them conveyd to the underſtanding. Now, our ſenſes being fallible, the knowledg which depend upon them, cannot be infallible, and ſo not certain: *Ergo*, Signior, you don't know for certain that you are here.

Spitt.

Spitt. Pray don't ſtand upon theſe niceties, but let us talk of our buſineſs. I come to acquaint you that I have thoughts of Marrying.

Scar. That's more than I know.

Spitt. I tell you, I have.

Scar. It may be you do.

Spitt. The Gentlewoman is very pretty, and very young.

Scar. Very likely.

Spitt. Will it be diſcreetly done of me to Marry, or not?

Scar. It may, and it may not.

Spitt. Eh! what canting is this! I ask you, Signior, if I ſhall do well to marry the Lady I ſpeak of?

Scar. As it happens.

Spitt. Will it be ill done of me?

Scar. Peradventure I, peradventure no.

Spitt. For Heaven-ſake, Signior, anſwer me as you ſhou'd.

Scar. 'Tis my endeavour.

Spitt. I have a very great kindneſs for the Gentlewoman.

Scar. That may be.

Spitt. Her Father and I are agreed.

Scar. Perhaps you may.

Spitt. But I am only affraid, that if I marry, I ſhall be a Cuckold.

Scar. 'Tis not impoſſible.

Spitt. What think you?

Scar. Not unlikely.

Spitt. Shall I, think you?

Scar. Such things have been.

Spitt. What wou'd you do, were you in my place?

Scar. I can't tell.

Spitt. What wou'd you adviſe me to?

Scar. What you think beſt.

Spitt. But what do you think beſt?

Scar. What pleaſes you.

Spitt. Peu! a Pox! -- and is that all?

Scar. I'l have no hand in't.

Spitt. ——

Scar. Let it be as 'twill.

Spitt. Euh! the Devil! I'l make you change your note, with a Pox to you! you Philoſophical Blockhead. [*Beats Scaramouch.*

Scar. Ah! ah! ah!

Spitt. I am quit with you for your canting, and I'm ſatisfi'd.

Scar. Whence this inſolence! how dare you have the audacity to ſtrike a Philoſopher!

Spitt. O, pray correct this manner of ſpeaking; you ought to doubt of every thing; you ought not to ſay I did ſtrike you, but that you think I did ſtrike you; or it ſeem'd, or appear'd ſo.

Scar. I'l complain to Juſtice.

Spitt. I'l have no hand in't.

Scar. I'l have ſatisfaction for the injury.

Spitt. Peradventure I, peradventure no.

Scar. I have the marks of your blows on my fleſh to ſhew.

Spitt. That may be.

Scar. You have made me all o're black and blue.

Spitt. Not unlikely.

Scar. Juſtice will award me good damage.

Spitt. That's more than I know.

Scar. It ſhall be a dear ſtriking.

Spitt. Let it be as 'twill.

Scar. You ſhall hear of me.

Spitt. Such things have been; Adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Pancrace.

Panc. Signior *Scaramouch*, the buſineſs is done, a Divorce agreed on, the Parties conſenting, my Son diſengag'd; and now we may proceed to our deſigns.

Scar. But I ſee not *Octavio* yet: What a murrain made him go a fiſhing?

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. O, poor wretch! O, unfortunate! ah! ah! *Poveretto!*

Scar. Who's here?

Harl. Servitore! Signior *Reverendiſſime*, Signior *Scientiſſime*, Signior *Excellentiſſime*, Signior *Illuſtriſſime.*

Panc. What's your buſineſs?

Harl.

Harl. Signior, I was an unfortunate Inhabitant of *Ligorn*, had many losses at Sea; all my effects were seiz'd on by my Creditors; I fled away with this little, to secure something for a future subsistence.

Panc. You wou'd sell it?

Harl. Signiorsi; I fled hither for refuge, my Creditors have notice of it, and are come after me to lay me in Prison. I wou'd turn it into Money, and go presently a Shipboard, and try my fortune at Sea.

Panc. What, will you take an ounce?

Harl. Half a Ducat.

Scar. Half a Ducat?

Harl. Signior si.

Scar. Half a Ducat?

Harl. Signior si.

Scar. Ap--pouh! here's a Fool. [*Aside.*

Panc. How many ounces is there in all?

Harl. Eight hundred.

Panc. And you'l sell't for 800 Ducats and a half.

Harl. Signior si.

Panc. He's an Ignorant.

Scar. Ap--pouh! a Sot. [*Aside.*] This is my house, I'l go in and weigh't. *Ex.*

Harl. Ap,--ap,--ap,--a.

Panc. He's going to weigh't.

Harl. Oh! *Servitore!*

Panc. What is your name, Signior?

Harl. *Trivoline*, Merchant of *Ligorn.*

Panc. Did you buy all this Plate your self?

Harl. Signior, no; it was my Father's, old Signior *Trivoline's.*

Panc. I'l buy it of you for your Father's sake.

Harl. For the sake of old Signior *Trivoline*, that was Merchant of *Ligorn*?

Panc. For the sake of old Signior *Trivoline*, Merchant of *Ligorn.*

Harl. I thank you, Signior *Pancrace.*

Panc. Hau!

Harl. What's the matter, Signior *Pancrace*?

Panc. Hau! how did you know my name?

Harl. O *Diavolo*! becauſe you were my Father's Friend.

Panc. You never ſaw me before.

Harl. Signior, no; but I have often heard my Father, old Signior *Trivoline*, Merchant of *Ligorn*, ſay, that he had but one friend in the World, and that was one, Signior *Doctore Pancrace*.

Panc. What does he mean? I never heard of any --- Signior *Trivoline*.-- [*Aſide.*] But I'l buy the Plate, and out of the gains re-imburſe my ſelf of the Sum I paid for the Divorce. I'l ſtep into the Houſe, and fetch you the Money. [*Ex.*

Harl. He! he! he! Oh! here comes Signior *Scaramouch*.

Enter Scaramouch, *with the Plate and Money.*

Scar. It weighs ſo much: Heaven ſends me this good fortune for redeeming my Son.--- Here, take your Money.

Harl. How much?

Scar. Four hundred Ducats.

Harl. Signior, no.

Scar. No?

Harl. Signior, no.

Scar. How much then?

Harl. Eight hundred Ducats and a half.

Scar. Signior ſi, here's 400 whole Ducats.

Harl. Signior, no; I'l have 800 half Ducats

Scar. Ap--pouh!

Harl. *Cauſa* Signior?

Enter Pancrace *with Money.*

Scar. *Bono*! here's 800 half Ducats for you.

Panc. Signior *Trivoline*, here. {*Draws him aſide, offering Money.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. Here. [*Draws him aſide.*

Harl. Signior ſi:

Panc. Here. [*Agen.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. Here. [*Agen.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Panc.

Panc. I knew old Signior *Trivoline*; he was my good Friend. [*Agen.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. Take your Money. [*Agen.*

Panc. Eh! Signior *Scaramouch.* [*Agen more eagerly.*

Scar. Eh! Signior *Pancrace.* [*Agen.*

Panc. I have bought it, Signior *Scaramouch.* [*Agen.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. I have bought it, Signior *Pancrace.* [*Agen.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Panc. You have ſold it to me. [*Agen.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. No, to me. [*Agen.*

Harl. Signior ſi.

Panc. How's that?

Harl. You'l give me 800 half Ducats? [*To* Panc.

Panc. Signior ſi.

Harl. And you'l give me 800 half Ducats? [*To Scar.*

Scar. Signior ſi.

Harl. It's a bargain.

Scar. Here's 800 half Ducats in Gold.

Harl. Signior ſi, for your part?

Scar. For the Plate.

Harl. Signior, no.

Scar. What then?

Harl. You'l not give 800 more?

Scar. Signior, no.

Harl. Not for Signior *Pancrace*?

Scar. Signior, no.

Harl. Nor won't you give eight hundred more, Signior *Pancrace.* { Harl. *goes towards the door, and turns his face.*

Panc. Signior, no.

Harl. How wou'd you both buy it then?

Panc. Ah! go to the Devil!

Harl. Servitore! [*Goes farther.*

Panc. Signior *Scaramouch*, he's a Fool; I'l buy it all as for my ſelf, and you ſhall be one half in the purchaſe.

Scar. Signior ſi.

Harl. Signior *Pancrace*, you won't give 800 more? [*Turns.*

Panc.

Panc. No, no.

Harl. Ah! *Bono*; you'l not give it for the ſake of old Signior *Trivoline*? {*Goes neerer the door, and turns.*

Panc. No.

Harl. Ah! Adieu; --- you'l not give it? {*Goes to the door, and turns.*

Panc. No.

Harl. You'l give no more? {*Stands ſidelong, one half out of the door.*

Panc. No, no, no, Signior, no.

Harl. Nor you? [*To Scaramouch.*

Scar. Signior, no.

Harl. *Baſta*, Signior *Pancrace*, give me your Money then.

Panc. There 'tis in Gold.

Harl. Eight hundred Ducats and a half, juſt?

Panc. Signior ſi.

Harl. For the ſake of old Signior *Trivoline*.

Panc. Signior ſi.

Harl. *Servitore*! Signior *Pancrace*, Adieu.

Scar. Ap-pouh! a Fool.

Panc. Ah! ſo, Signior *Scaramouch*; now let's ſee our good bargain.

Scar. Signior ſi, ap pouh!

Panc. Then we'l go in, and divide it equally by weight.

Scar. Si, ap pouh!

{Panc. *takes the Sack by the end to tumble the Plate out, and nothing but Earthen-ware appears*; Scar. *takes up a piece, makes faces, and let's it fall.*

Panc. Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*, what's here?

Scar. Signior?

Panc. Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*; O! *Maleditto*; O! *Cullio-Nario*; O! *Diavolo*. [*Ex. in a rage.*

Scar. Oh! *que coſa*--*cou*--&c. [*Ex. gabbring* Italian.

Enter Spittzaferro.

Spitt. Eh! What was the meaning of this Blockheadly Philoſopher, I cou'd not get a poſitive word from him.--- Oh! --here are ſome Gypſies, I'l ſee what they'l {*Enter* Aurelia, Zerbinetta, *like Gypſies, ſinging and dancing.*

ſay

ſay to the buſineſs; they'r very merry: Hearк you there, can you tell my Fortune?

Zerb. Yes, yes; my fine Sir; here are two can tell you your Fortune.

Aur. Come, croſs our hands with a piece of Silver, we will tell you ſomething ſhall be for your good.

Spitt. Look you; -- here are both hands croſs'd.

Zerb. You have a very good Phiſiogmony, my fine Sir; a very good Phiſiogmony.

Aur. Yes, a lucky Phiſiogmony; the Phiſiogmony of one that ſhall be ſomething one of theſe days.

Zerb. You ſhall be marri'd e're long, my fine Sir; you ſhall be marri'd e're long.

Aur. You ſhall marry a fine Wife, a fine Wife.

Zerb. Yes, a Wife that every body ſhall love, and make much of.

Aur. A Wife that ſhall get you a great many friends, my fine Sir; that ſhall get you a great many friends.

Zerb. A Wife that ſhall make you known and noted at Court.

Aur. A Wife that ſhall bring a great many Gallants to your Houſe.

Zerb. A Wife, for whoſe ſake you ſhall be viſited every day.

Aur. A Wife that ſhall get you a great Reputation.

Zerb. You ſhall be eſteem'd for her ſake, my fine Sir; you ſhall be eſteem'd for her ſake.

Spitt. Oh! very good: But, pray tell me, ſhall I be in danger to be made a Cuckold?

Zerb. A Cuckold?

Spitt. Yes.

Aur. A Cuckold?

Spitt. Yes, ſhall I be in danger to be made a Cuckold?

Zerb. } --La! la! la! la! -- [*Both ſing and dance, and Ex.*
Aur. }

Spitt. Why the Devil don't you anſwer me? I wou'd know if I ſhall be a Cuckold.

Zerb. You a Cuckold?

Spitt. Yes, I ask if I ſhall be a Cuckold?

Zerb.

Zerb. } --La! la! la! la!-- *[Both ſing and dance, and Ex.*
Aur. }

Enter Plautino.

Plaut. Signior *Spittzaferro*, what comfort do they give you?

Spitt. A pox o'the Carrions, they'l have left me unreſolv'd too.

Plaut. I have heard of a Cunning-man hard by, that is famous for his Art of Aſtrology and Magick; who, by repreſentations, can ſhew you what-ever you have a mind to ſee.

Spitt. Signior *Plautino*, let's go find him out, for I'm reſolv'd to know my doom. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scaramouch *and* Harl. *with a great Sack, which he places betwixt the Scenes.*

Harl. Oh! I have trac'd this right; now for my revenge.

Scar. *Harlequin*, where's *Octavio*?

Harl. Your Money was very acceptable; Mr. Pyrat preſents his Humble Service to you.

Scar. But where's *Octavio*?

Harl. Oh! he's ſafe, but you are not.

Scar. Eh! why? what?

Harl. There are people hunting all about for you, to kill you.

Scar. Me?

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. Ah! Who?

Harl. The Gentlewomans Brother that Signior *Cynthio* has marri'd, believes that the deſign which you have to make a Match between him and your Daughter, is the main reaſon why the breaking off of the Marriage is ſo much endeavour'd; and he's reſolv'd to kill you, to be reveng'd. All his acquaintance of Indigent Officers and Bravoes are enquiring after you, to be the death of you; at leaſt half a ſcore have enquir'd of me for you already.

Scar. To kill me?

Harl.

Harl. They swore they'd be the death of you; but I told 'em you did not care for that.

Scar. Not care.

Harl. No; for, ſaid I, Signior *Scaramouch* is a Philoſopher, and is not afraid of death. He cares no more for his Body, than I do for my old Shooes.

Scar. No.

Harl. You may bruiſe his fleſh, and break his bones; but you cannot reach his mind: A Philoſopher's mind is invulnerable. Did not I ſay right, *Scaramouch*?

Scar. O, *Harlequin*! what muſt I do, *Harlequin*?

Harl. Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*; to ſee a Philoſopher! Fear puts me in a fright too, I cannot hold a joint ſtill: ſtay, I'll look about. [*Looks out, and ſtarts.*] Oh! O!

Scar. Oh! *Harlequin*! *Harlequin*!

Harl. No, no, 'twas nothing.

Scar. Canſt think of no way to help me?

Harl. Signior, no; heark,--- let me look agen: --- What's here, --- a Sack? Ah! Signior *Scaramouch*, Fortune is your friend: Put your ſelf into this, and I'l--- ha---

Scar. Oh! a!

Harl. No, --- there's no-body; ſo put your ſelf in, and I'l take you upon my back like a burden, and carry you home.

Scar. Si, ſi.

Harl. Haſt, haſt; I hear ſomebody come. } Scar. *goes into*

Scar. So,-- ſo, *Harlequin*. } *the Sack.*

Harl. Keep cloſe, ſtir not, what-ever happens.

Scar. No, *Harlequin*, no.

Harl. Hide, hide, Signior *Scaramouch*; yonder comes one, keep cloſe.

Harl. *Acts a Bravo.*

Feign'd. Dam this Signior *Scaramouch*, this Muſty Philoſopher; if I find him, I'l cut his throat.

Signior *Scaramouch* is not one that deſires to have his throat cut; he's a very civil Perſon, a Scholar, and a Philoſopher.

F. A Philoſopher! a Fool, a Dog, a Rogue, a Raſcal, a Son of a Whore.

Panc. No, no.

Harl. Ah! *Bono*; you'l not give it for the ſake of old Signior *Trivoline*? {*Goes neerer the door, and turns.*

Panc. No.

Harl. Ah! Adieu; --- you'l not give it? {*Goes to the door, and turns.*

Panc. No.

Harl. You'l give no more? {*Stands ſidelong, one half out of the door.*

Panc. No, no, no, Signior, no.

Harl. Nor you? [*To Scaramouch.*

Scar. Signior, no.

Harl. *Baſta*, Signior *Pancrace*, give me your Money then.

Panc. There 'tis in Gold.

Harl. Eight hundred Ducats and a half, juſt?

Panc. Signior ſi.

Harl. For the ſake of old Signior *Trivoline*.

Panc. Signior ſi.

Harl. *Servitore*! Signior *Pancrace*, Adieu.

Scar. Ap-pouh! a Fool.

Panc. Ah! ſo, Signior *Scaramouch*; now let's ſee our good bargain.

Scar. Signior ſi, ap pouh!

Panc. Then we'l go in, and divide it equally by weight.

Scar. Si, ap pouh!

{Panc. *takes the Sack by the end to tumble the Plate out, and nothing but Earthen-ware appears*; Scar. *takes up a piece, makes faces, and let's it fall.*

Panc. Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*, what's here?

Scar. Signior?

Panc. Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*; O! *Maleditto*; O! *Cullione Nurio*; O! *Diavolo*. [*Ex. in a rage.*

Scar. Oh! *que coſa--cou--*&c. [*Ex. gabbring* Italian.

Enter Spittzaferro.

Spitt. Eh! What was the meaning of this Blockheadly Philoſopher, I cou'd not get a poſitive word from him.--- Oh! --here are ſome Gypſies, I'l ſee what they'l {*Enter* Aurelia, Zerbinetta, *like Gypſies, ſinging and dancing.*

ſay

ſay to the buſineſs; they'r very merry: Heark you there, can you tell my Fortune?

Zerb. Yes, yes; my fine Sir; here are two can tell you your Fortune.

Aur. Come, croſs our hands with a piece of Silver, we will tell you ſomething ſhall be for your good.

Spitt. Look you; -- here are both hands croſs'd.

Zerb. You have a very good Phiſiogmony, my fine Sir; a very good Phiſiogmony.

Aur. Yes, a lucky Phiſiogmony; the Phiſiogmony of one that ſhall be ſomething one of theſe days.

Zerb. You ſhall be marri'd e're long, my fine Sir; you ſhall be marri'd e're long.

Aur. You ſhall marry a fine Wife, a fine Wife.

Zerb. Yes, a Wife that every body ſhall love, and make much of.

Aur. A Wife that ſhall get you a great many friends, my fine Sir; that ſhall get you a great many friends.

Zerb. A Wife that ſhall make you known and noted at Court.

Aur. A Wife that ſhall bring a great many Gallants to your Houſe.

Zerb. A Wife, for whoſe ſake you ſhall be viſited every day.

Aur. A Wife that ſhall get you a great Reputation.

Zerb. You ſhall be eſteem'd for her ſake, my fine Sir; you ſhall be eſteem'd for her ſake.

Spitt. Oh! very good: But, pray tell me, ſhall I be in danger to be made a Cuckold?

Zerb. A Cuckold?

Spitt. Yes.

Aur. A Cuckold?

Spitt. Yes, ſhall I be in danger to be made a Cuckold?

Zerb. } --La! la! la! la! -- [*Both ſing and dance, and Ex.*
Aur. }

Spitt. Why the Devil don't you anſwer me? I wou'd know if I ſhall be a Cuckold.

Zerb. You a Cuckold?

Spitt. Yes, I ask if I ſhall be a Cuckold?

Zerb.

Zerb. } --La! la! la! la!-- [*Both ſing and dance, and Ex.*
Aur. }

Enter Plautino.

Plaut. Signior *Spittzaferro*, what comfort do they give you?

Spitt. A pox o'the Carrions, they'l have left me unreſolv'd too.

Plaut. I have heard of a Cunning-man hard by, that is famous for his Art of Aſtrology and Magick; who, by repreſentations, can ſhew you what-ever you have a mind to ſee.

Spitt. Signior *Plautino*, let's go find him out, for I'm reſolv'd to know my doom. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scaramouch *and* Harl. *with a great Sack, which he places betwixt the Scenes.*

Harl. Oh! I have trac'd this right; now for my revenge.

Scar. Harlequin, where's *Octavio*?

Harl. Your Money was very acceptable; Mr. Pyrat preſents his Humble Service to you.

Scar. But where's *Octavio*?

Harl. Oh! he's ſafe, but you are not.

Scar. Eh! why? what?

Harl. There are people hunting all about for you, to kill you.

Scar. Me?

Harl. Signior ſi.

Scar. Ah! Who?

Harl. The Gentlewomans Brother that Signior *Cynthio* has marri'd, believes that the deſign which you have to make a Match between him and your Daughter, is the main reaſon why the breaking off of the Marriage is ſo much endeavour'd; and he's reſolv'd to kill you, to be reveng'd. All his acquaintance of Indigent Officers and Bravoes are enquiring after you, to be the death of you; at leaſt half a ſcore have enquir'd of me for you already.

Scar. To kill me?

Harl.

Harl. They swore they'd be the death of you; but I told 'em you did not care for that.

Scar. Not care.

Harl. No; for, ſaid I, Signior *Scaramouch* is a Philoſopher, and is not afraid of death. He cares no more for his Body, than I do for my old Shooes.

Scar. No.

Harl. You may bruiſe his fleſh, and break his bones; but you cannot reach his mind: A Philoſopher's mind is invulnerable. Did not I ſay right, *Scaramouch*?

Scar. O, *Harlequin*! what muſt I do, *Harlequin*?

Harl. Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*; to ſee a Philoſopher! Fear puts me in a fright too, I cannot hold a joint ſtill: ſtay, I'll look about. [*Looks out, and ſtarts.*] Oh! O!

Scar. Oh! *Harlequin*! *Harlequin*!

Harl. No, no, 'twas nothing.

Scar. Canſt think of no way to help me?

Harl. Signior, no; heark,--- let me look agen: --- What's here, --- a Sack? Ah! Signior *Scaramouch*, Fortune is your friend: Put your ſelf into this, and I'l--- ha---

Scar. Oh! a!

Harl. No, --- there's no-body; ſo put your ſelf in, and I'l take you upon my back like a burden, and carry you home.

Scar. Si, ſi.

Harl. Haſt, haſt; I hear ſomebody come. } Scar. *goes into*

Scar. So,-- ſo, *Harlequin*. } *the Sack.*

Harl. Keep cloſe, ſtir not, what-ever happens.

Scar. No, *Harlequin*, no.

Harl. Hide, hide, Signior *Scaramouch*; yonder comes one, keep cloſe.

Harl. *Acts a Bravo.*

Feign'd. Dam this Signior *Scaramouch*, this Muſty Philoſopher; if I find him, I'l cut his throat.

Harl. Signior *Scaramouch* is not one that deſires to have his throat cut; he's a very civil Perſon, a Scholar, and a Philoſopher.

F. A Philoſopher! a Fool, a Dog, a Rogue, a Raſcal, a Son of a Whore.

—He's worthy Philoſopher. -- Keep cloſe.

F. Is he a friend of yours?

----- Signior ſi.

F. I am glad I have met with a Friend of his, by whom I may preſent my moſt profound Reſpects to him; which I will do in this moſt hearty manner. {*Runs crying round the Sack, and beats him.*

----- Hold, hold, hold.

F. I'l dodg you Sirrah; do you dodg? I ſhall meet with you.

----- Ah! ah! ah! Hold, hold, hold; ah! ah!

F. My ſervice to him, my love and ſervice. Adieu, my good Friend, to Signior *Scaramouch*.

----- Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*! [*Opens the Sack.*

Scar. I can endure no longer.

Harl. O! I am bruiſed, I am beaten.

Scar. How's that? I was beaten.

Harl. Signior, no.

Scar. Signior ſi.

Harl. O yes, yes, Signior; as I ran round the Sack to ſave my ſelf, the blows ſometimes light upon you.

Scar. You ſhou'd a run ſomewhere elſe.

Harl. I'l look and ſee if the Coaſt be clear.-- Oh! have a care,-- have a care; I ſee one with a great pair of Whiskers, and a Cap lin'd with Fur.-- Cloſe,-- cloſe. [*He acts a Dutchman.*

F. Gooden morgen Lans-man, gooden morgen; were ſal ick vind'n, Myn-heir, vander *Scaramouch*.

---- Vander *Scaramouch*?

F. Yaw, Myn-heir, yaw, yaw.

---- Yaw, Myn-heir, yaw, yaw.

F. Were ſal ick vind'n hem

---- Find him.

F. Ken uwe no *Duytch* ſpreken? wil ghy neit ſpreken?

---- Spreken,-- ſpreken, ---- ſpreken.---

F. Ghy *Sacraments* a Hounts-foot, ick ſal uwe luſtick ſlagen.

---- Ah! ah! ah!

F. Ten hundred Duyſant Devils,-- mock uwe zeil Haulen Hountsfoot.

---- Ah! ah! ah!

F. Ghy *Sacraments* a--- ick ſal vind'n Myn-heir vander *Scaramouch*; --- ick ſal hem ſlagen,-- Ghy *Sacraments*, a-- ten hun-dred duy ſant Devils --Oh!

---- Oh! the Devil wander him, and ſlopen him; and ten hundred thouſand Devils go with him.

Harl. O, my ribs!

Scar. O, my ſhoulders!

Harl. O! Signior *Scaramouch*, I was not neer you.

Scar. I felt every blow as perfectly as before.

Harl. Signior, no.

Scar. Signior ſi.

Harl. You did but hear 'em.

Scar. I felt 'em.

Harl. Signior, no, fear made you think ſo.

Scar. I feel 'em ſtill.

Harl. Signior ſi, by ſympathy, ſympathy.

Scar. Sympathy; O, *Diavolo!* ſympathy!

Harl. O, Signior; here are ſome roaring Boys come ſinging along, and every one a Bottle o' Wine ins hand. Lye ſtill till they are paſs'd.

{ *He acts three men, in ſpeaking and ſinging in three ſeveral Voices.*

1. Well, now let's go find out *Scaramouch.*

2. And drink and ſing all the way.

3. Let's ſing 'tother catch, and make an end of our Bottle firſt.

1. I'l begin.
Chi non beve, vita breve, gaudera. [*ſings a Treble.*
I'l bon Vino, che' divino, viver ſa.
Confuſion to Signior *Scaramouch.* --- So.

2. *Chi non beve*, &c. [*ſings a Tenor.*
Confuſion to *Scaramouch.*

3. *Chi non beve*, &c. [*a Baſe.*

1. Come, here's one ſhall drink and ſing too.
Eh! Signior; I am in haſt. [*as* Harlequin.

2. Sing, ſirrah.
I can't ſing. [*as* Harl.

3. Sing after me. ---- *Chi non beve.*
Chi non beve. [*as* Harl,

1. Fie, fie; ſing after me, and obſerve how I beat time upon the Sack.--- *Chi non beve.*
Chi non beve. [as *Harl.*

2. Agen,-agen; --- *Chi non beve*, &c.

Chi non beve. [*as Harl.*

3. He's a Blockhead, let's leave him, and go find out *Scaramouch.*

2. Let's take this Rogue with us to ſhew us the way.

3. Ay, ay; -- let's take him with us.
I do'nt know him. [*as* Harl.

1. You lye, you dog! -- along, ſhew us the way.
Signior, no; I have buſineſs. [*as* Harl.

2. You won't go then?
No. [*as* Harl.

3. Let's beat him till he will. [Scar. *peeps out of the Sack.*

1. Knock his brains out.

2. Lay him on ſoundly.

1. Aye, ſoundly.

as all 3. Soundly, ſoundly, ſoundly.

As Harl. *acts this,* Scaramouch *lets fall the Sack, comes ſoftly out, and ſtands juſt behind him, with his Girdle ready to beat him, as he turns.*-- Harl. *turns to beat the Sack, ſees* Scaramouch, *runs off, who follows beating him.*

Scar. Aye, ſoundly, ſoundly, ſoundly.

The End of the fourth Act.

Act.

Act V. Scene I.

Enter Spittzaferro *and* Plautino.

Plaut. I'M not acquainted with him; but I have heard great commendation of his skill: 'Tis ſomewhere hereabout he lives: Look you where he comes forth.

Enter Harlequin *like a Magician, with a great pair of Spectacles on his Noſe, a long Proſpective-glaſs, looking at* Spittzaferro *at a diſtance.*

Harl. A man of a bold Aſpect, fortunate Phiſiognomy, ſanguine Complexion, ſtrong Conſtitution, great Appetite, and good Digeſtion; but by nature timerous and diffident; therefore ſleeps not ſound.

Plaut. Exactly you.

Harl. Aged 53 years, 2 Months, 9 days, 17 hours, three hundred threeſcore and three minutes and a half.

Spitt. What ſays he?

Plaut. He's telling you how old you are, a new way of counting theſe learn'd Men have got. See, he's coming towards you.

Spitt. Signior, I'm your Servant.

Harl. You are not, I pay you no Wages.

Spitt. I give you a good-morrow.

Harl. You give me nothing.

Spitt. There is ſome Gold.

Harl. A good gift is a good-morrow.

Spitt. I come, Signior, to kiſs your hands.

Harl. There.

Hits him in the Chops firſt with one hand, and then with the other.

Spitt. Euh! what's the meaning?

Harl. And there.--- How you have done what you come for?

Plaut. I perceive he's not a Man of Ceremony.

Harl. You are a Man of great vulgarity, Signior; you ought to make your Approaches in a more peculiar manner, and not to disgorge such vulgar Phrases in the face of the Learn'd.

Plaut. Pray ben't so critical; we are not us'd to treat with persons of your profound Science.

Spitt. In short, Signior, my Name is---

Harl. Spitzaferro.

Spitt. I am come to tell you that I am about--

Harl. To Marry.

Spitt. Signior si, and desire to know of you---

Harl. If you may do't with safety.

Spitt. Signior si, and if I shall not be---

Harl. A Cuckold.

Plaut. He knows all before you tell it him.

Harl. O, impertinence! tell a Magician what you come for! *Whiz*! ___ whose Art is knowledg it self. *Buz*! who reads what's written in the Stars. *Fitz*! who holds intelligence with Spirits. *Ptru--ru--ru*! -- to whose eyes the Book of Fate lies open.--- *Bro,--thro,--ro,--ro,--rou*!

Plaut. Most learn'd Sir; you have sufficiently inform'd his understanding, as to his conversation; now be pleas'd to satisfy his curiosity, which brought him hither: and by your Magick representations shew him something that may be to his advantage.

Harl. Basta, basta, Signior, *basta*. Follow me in. *Ex.*

Enter again in a Room. [Harl. *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Tricola, tracola, whiz! *Tricola, tracola*, Buz!
Tricola, tracola, Fitz!
Tricola, tracola, Ptru-ru-ru!
Tricola, tracola, Bro-thro-rou!
Tricola, tracola. } *Goes about prancing, sings this ridicu-*
Tricola, tracola. } *lously; at last stops.*
Tricola, tracola.
Doodle-doodle-doo.
My Conjurations are Pacifick; } *A vision of horns appears*
Your Fortune see in Hierogliphick. } *in shadows, increase to a*
} *vast bigness, and vanish.*

Plaut.

Plaut. See, Signior *Spittzaferro.*

Spitt. This vision's no good omen.

{ *A vision of horns appears, increases and decreases in bigness several times, at last vanish upward.*

Harl. *Tricola, tracola; tricola, tracola; tricola, tracola,* &c. *Toodle-doodle-doo,* &c. [*Goes about prancing, as before.*

Plaut. Mind, Sir, mind.

Bird. Cucko.

Plaut. Heark.

Bird. Cucko.

{ A Cucko appears in shadow, cries 3 times, and each time grows bigger, at last flies up out o'sight.

Spitt. Say you so?

Bird. Cucko. [*Flies away.*

Spitt. This Bird gives no good Augury of my Marriage.

Plaut. I'm affraid 'twill be something unfortunate.

Harl. Tricola, tracola; tricola, tracola; tricola, tracola, &c. Toodle-doodle-doodle-doodle-doo. [*Prances about.*

Men appear in shadows with horns on their heads, grow bigger and less several times, several times appear and disappear, at last dance with a great pair of horns in each hand; they offer as it were to Spittzaferro, *shaking 'em at him with each hand, shaking their heads, then jump up out o'sight one after another.*

Spitt. Signior *Plautina,* these were Cuckolds, they shook their heads at me; that's no good sign.

Plaut. We'l know what it signifies. Signior, what's the meaning of all this? [*To* Harl.

Harl. Tricola, tracola; tricola, tracola; tri---

Plaut. What are you going to do now?

Harl. To Conjure up the Devil himself in person, who shall tell you the meaning on't. *Tricola, tracola; tricola, tracola,* &c.

Spitt. The Devil himself. Euh! *Servitore,* Signior, *tricola, Servitore.* [*Ex.* Spittz. *and* Plaut.

Harl. Euh! Euh! Signior.

Plaut. No, no, *Servitore.*

Eh! eh! he! *tricola, tracola,* &c. *Exit.*

Enter Spittzaferro *and* Plautino *in the Street.*

Plaut. Signior *Spittzaferro*, what think you How?

Spitt. Signior *Plautino*, I think 'tis better to be a Man than a Beast; and since Heaven has created me one, I'le take care not to be metamorphis'd by a Woman.

Enter Cynthio.

Plaut. Signior *Spittzaferro*, here is Signior *Alberto* your Brother-in-Law; Signior *Alberto*, this is the worthy person that is to marry your Sister.

Cynt. Signior I am just now luckily arriv'd; my Father has told me the good news, I'm glad *Aurelia* has the good fortune to have a man of your Character for her Husband. I shall be proud of such a Brother-in-Law.

Spitt. Signior I kiss your hands.

Cynt. Time won't allow farther Ceremony; my Father sent me to tell you, that they want your company. Come Sir, I'le wait on you.

Spitt. Excuse me Signior *Alberto*.

Cynt. No Ceremony, I pray.

Spitt. No haste, no haste.

Cynth. The Scrivener is there, the Writings are ready, they want you to set your Hand and Seal to the Jointure you make my Sister.

Spitt. No question.

Cynt. Come Sir, let's go.

Spitt. I have a word to say to you first.

Cynt. To me?

Spitt. Signior, if

Cynt. What I pray?

Plaut. I'le go before, and tell 'em you are coming. *Ex.*

Spitt. Signior *Alberto*, 'tis true, I ask'd your Fathers consent to marry *Aurelia*; he was very inclinable; but upon more deliberate consideration I find I am a little too far in years for her, and I am convinc'd I shall not be a fit Husband for her.

Cynt. Excuse me, my Sister thinks very well of you, and I doubt

doubt not but ſhe'l be happy in you.

Spitt. No, ſhe won't; I have ſometimes ſtrange melancholy Fits, and whilſt they laſt, I am very extravagant; and I'm ſure 'twill be too much for her to bear with me in thoſe humours.

Cynt. My Siſter is of a very good diſpoſition, and as merry, ſhe'l ſing and laugh, and play a thouſand tricks to divert you; ſhe'l be the fitteſt Wife alive for you.

Spitt. Then Signior I have ſome infirmities of Body too, which will diſguſt her.

Cynt. That's nothing Signior, a vertuous Wife is never diſguſted with her Husband.

Spitt. In ſhort Signior, give me leave to tell you, I wou'd not have your Father by any means to let me marry her.

Cynt. O Signior, my Father was always a punctual man, and do you think upon his death-bed he'l be worſe than his word!

Spitt. Tell him Signior, I diſpence with his promiſe, and I---

Cynt. For never ſo much, he has ſaid it, and you ſhall have her, let what will be the matter.

Spitt. Ah! what ado's here!

Cynt. See then Signior *Spittzaferro*, what a particular eſteem and liking my Father has for you; he told the company that the thoughts of this day revived him, and ſaid, if a Duke ſhou'd now demand my Siſter, he ſhou'd go without her for your ſake.

Spitt. Signior *Alberto*, I'm extreamly obliged to your Father, for the honour he does me, but I aſſure you, I am reſolv'd not to marry.

Cynt. Your reaſon?

Spitt. The reaſon is, becauſe marriage is inconvenient for me; Ile imitate my Father and all my Anceſtors, who could never be perſwaded to marry.

Cynt. Nay, nay Signior, you have your liberty, no body as I know will force you againſt your inclinations. But ſince tis ſo, pray go and acquaint my Father with it your ſelf; I have done my meſſage, and am engaged to go another way. Do ye hear Signior, you need not doubt your releaſe; he's one won't impoſe her on you. *Adieu.* *Exit.*

Is going off, and returns.

Spitt. Well, Ile go and put an end to this buſineſs, that my mind may be free from fears, and my ſleeps continue ſound. *Ex.*

Enter Scaramouch *and* Pancrace.

Scar. Signior *Pancrace*, we are abuſed, diſgraced.

Panc. Couzened and cheated.

Scar. That Rogue *Harlequin.*

Panc. That Raſcal *Plautino.*

Scar. That Villain *Harlequin.*

Panc. That curſed *Plautino*, and Knave *Harlequin*, his wicked Accomplice.

Scar. They ſhall account for their Rogueries.

Panc. They ſhall be made Examples, Signior *Scaramouch.* Let's join in our Revenge.

Scar. We'l have recourſe to Juſtice.

Panc. Get Officers and ſearch 'em out.

Scar. We'l have 'em ſtrapado'd.

Panc. And ſent to the Galleys.

Scar. Cherto, Seguro.

Panc. Then we'l take a courſe in order to my Son, whom I will yet have to marry your Daughter *Andramo.*

Scar. Patientia Signior *Pancracio*, I have receiv'd Letters.

Panc. What from *Lauretto*, which inform you that your Daughter and mine reſolve to be Nuns.

Scar. Yes.

Panc. I have Letters to that effect too, but I'l not conſent to't.

Scar. Your Son being engaged I am content.

Panc. Signior *Scaramouch*, I will yet recover all.

Scar. Matters are gone too far, he loves another.

Panc. I'l make him love agen.

Scar. Affection cannot be forced.

Panc. He ſhall marry her.

Scar. My Daughter ſhall continue there.

Suſpend your Reſolutions till we know more of the concern, we'l ſearch 'em out, and have them face to face.

Scar. My Son.

Panc. And mine.

Scar. And *Harlequin.*

Panc. And *Plautino.*

Scar. And that Gipſie Baggage ſhall have no cauſe to laugh.

Panc.

Panc. Let's about it.

Scar. Inſtantly.

Panc. I now preſently, along! Signior *Scaramouch.*

Enter Spitzaferro.

Spitz. I found Signior *Beronimo* more reaſonable than I expected; but I believe he thought my refuſal an affront, and might ſlight it out of Pride, but I took him at his word; and now, ſtand disengag'd Signior, *Jeronimo Servitore*, *Signiora Aurelia*, I kiſs your hands,---ſo 'tis well.

Enter Octavio.

Oct. Signior *Spitzaferro*, I'm your humble Servant.

Spit. Signior I am yours.

Oct. My Friend Signior *Alberto* tells me, you are not a man o' your word.

Spit. 'Tis confeſt; but 'tis not without much regret, and---

Oct. O Signior, no harm at all.

Spit. I am very much troubled, and wiſh with all my heart,--

Oct. No harm done.

Spit. I ſhould have been very glad that--

Oct. It matters not Signior, reſt contented. Signior be pleaſed to make choice of one of theſe two Swords, and take which you like beſt.

Spit. One o' theſe Swords.

Oct. Yes, which you pleaſe.

Spit. To what intent?

Oct. After your refuſing to marry a Lady, to which you had given your word, I doubt not but you'l take in good part the Complement I come to make you.

Spit. What's that?

Oct. There's a little Billet which Signior *Alberto* deſir'd the favour of me to deliver into your hands.

(*Spit.* reads)

Signior Spitzaferro, *I conſider that your refuſal to marry my Siſter, is an affront to our Family, I demand the*

ſatisfaction of a Gentleman; make choice of your Weapon, and appoint the place and time.

Your Friend and Servant, Albertò.

Spit. Friend and Servant! What a Complement is there to ſuch a Meſſage?

Oct. Other men would make a noiſe and a buſtle, and grow enrag'd againſt you; but Signior *Alberto* is a civil perſon, and one that does things very obligingly, he ſends courteouſly to you, to tell you, that if you pleaſe you two will civilly cut one anothers throats.

Spit. A fine Complement, a very civil perſon indeed.

Oct. Come Signior, chuſe your Sword I pray.

Spit. I kiſs your hands Signior, I have ne're a throat to cut; What a Civility's there?

Oct. It muſt be ſo if you pleaſe.

Spit. Signior no matter for Complements among Friends, *Servitore.* [*Is going off,* Octavio *pulls him back.*

Oct. Signior, if you pleaſe you muſt not depart yet; come take which you like beſt, I'm a little in haſte, or I'd allow you more time to make your choice.

Spit. I have nothing to ſay to the buſineſs.

Oct. You are not pleas'd then to fight him.

Spit. No, not at all.

Oct. You don't think good to kill one another.

Spit. Signior no.

Oct. 'Tis againſt your inclination?

Spit. Signior ſi.

Oct. You have made a reſolution to the contrary.

Spit. And pleaſe you.

Oct. At leaſt Signior *Spitzaferro* you'l have no reaſon to complain, you ſee I obſerve method, and do things in order; you go from your word, the party injur'd ſends you a Challenge, I bring it, you refuſe to fight, I beat you for not accepting the meſſage, that follows of conſequence, all this is in courſe, and I know you are too worthy a perſon not to approve of proceedings which are ſo orderly and exact.

Spit. What a ſort of man's this?

Oct. Come Signior, chuſe your weapon without more ado.

Spit. Yet agen!

Oct. Signior, I force no body, but you muſt take it; nor does Signior *Alberto* compel you to any thing, but you muſt fight him, if you pleaſe.

Spit. I ſhall do neither.

Oct. No?

Spit. Signior, no.

Oct. With your permiſſion then. [*Beats him.*

Spit. Ah, ah, ah, ah.

Oct. Signior, I have all the reluctancy imaginable to treat you ſo contrary to all my inclinations; but with your good liking, if you pleaſe, I can't forbear till you do me the favour to grant what I requeſt of you.

Spit. I kiſs your hands Signior, give me which you pleaſe.

Oct. No Signior, which you pleaſe, [Spitt. *takes a Sword.* So, is it not beſt to do things thus freely and courteouſly. I'm very glad to find you ſo inclinable, for you are a very civil perſon, and one for whom I have a particular reſpect; I was extream ſorry to ſee you wou'd force me againſt my Nature. Well Signior, I'l go and acquaint Signior *Alberto*, that you will pleaſe to do him the obligation to meet him at ſix to morrow morning upon the Mole, with your Sword in your hand, like a gallant perſon. So Signior *Spitzaferro* I kiſs your hands; Your moſt humble Servant. *Ex.*

Spitt. Eh! What a ſort of Ceremony, what kind of Complements are theſe? What an obliging, diſobliging perſon was this? Euh--*Malleditto.* *Exit.*

Enter Cynthio, Aurelia, Zerbinetta, *Officers.*

Aur. Take courage, you ſee me in the ſame ill circumſtances, and expos'd to the like misfortunes.

Zerb. You know your birth, and who you are; you have Relations that will reconcile all. But I'm in a condition that that will not appeaſe the anger of a Father, to whom Merit ſignifies little, and who regards nothing but Wealth.

Enter Pancrace *and* Scaramouch.

Panc. O are you caught at laſt, are your intrigues diſcover'd? Will you now at laſt conſent to quit your fine choice.

Gyn. O Signior, I humbly beg of you, no more to think of ſeparating me from this fair perſon; I'm hers by a thouſand Vows, and by holy Contract ſhe's mine.

Aur. She's a perſon of ſuch virtue and merit, that when you know her better, you'l have the greateſt eſteem for her imaginable.

Panc. Eſteem one that has ſeduced my Son from his obedience.

Enter Plautino.

Plaut. In the hands of Juſtice!

Panc. No, I have no eſteem for a Vagabond, one of a Race unknown.

Plaut. Signior *Pancracio*, regret not that your Son loves a perſon unknown, one without a portion, and whoſe quality you are ignorant of; the perſon from whom he purchas'd her declar'd, paſſing through a little Village not far from this City, call'd *Pitrola*, in a time when ſeveral Houſes were on fire, they found her brought forth into the ſtreet, then but an Infant, lying in a Cradle, and left unattended, in the time of this diſtraction they ſtole her away.

Scar. What ſaid you?

Plaut. They believ'd it not the Daughter of a Peaſant, but a Nurſe-Child, having ſeveral rich Medals about her Neck, of which they left this one as the moſt remarkable.

[*Shews a Gold Medal.*

Scar. Let me ſee't.

Plaut. By publiſhing this Story, ſhe may come to the knowledg of her Parents; and this may ſerve for a circumſtance to confirm 'em ſhe is their Daughter.

Scar. O, fortunate diſcovery! happy confirmation!

Plant. What ſay you, Signior *Scaramouch*?

Scar. 'Tis my Daughter whom I loſt in the ſame manner as you ſpeak of.

Panc. Your Daughter, Signior *Scaramouch*?

Scar. Yes, I own her.

Zerb. O happy *Zerbinetta*!

Scar. No, no, your name is *Olivia*.

Oct. My Siſter! unexpected joy.

Scar.

Scar. Signior *Pancracio*, you have now no longer reaſon to repent your Son's actions.

Plaut. Nor you, Signior *Scaramouch*, have no reaſon to be angry with your Son, for his love to the fair *Aurelia*.

Scar. My Son love one that's contracted to another.

Plaut. Signior *Spittzaferro*, by the conſent of parties, has quitted his pretenſions, and I have acquainted Signior *Jeronimo* with Signior *Octavio*'s love to his Daughter, and he now approves well of it, and reſolves nothing ſhall be wanting in him to gain your approbation of the match.

Scar. Signior *Plautino*, I am content.

Aur. Bleſt agreement!

Oct. Lucky hour!

Cynt. Fortunate *Plautino*!

Lerb. Happy concluſion!

Plaut. This good news, I hope makes my Peace with all.

Panc. Servitore, Signior *Plautino*.

Scar. I forgive all but *Harlequin*; that's a Rogue ſhan't eſcape puniſhment.

Plaut. I'l ſtep into Signior *Jeronimo*, and tell him the good news. [*Exit.*

Enter Spittzaferro.

Spitt. O! Signior, *Servitore*; I received your invitation, and take it for a very great favour, that you think me worthy of the honour of your Sword.

Panc. How's this?

Spitt. But, Signior *Alberto*, let me tell you, that at preſent I am not in a condition to fight; I will ſatisfy you in what-ever elſe ſhall be requiſite.

Panc. Alberto! what means he?

Spitt. Imagin then that you ſee me in the Field with my Sword in my hand, fighting againſt you. Imagin likewiſe that you have laid me on the ground; publiſh it thro'out the City, I'l acknowledg it; for the preſent I do confeſs my ſelf o're-come. And without any fighting at all, I ask my life of you.

Cynt. You have it.

Spitt. Not that I am affraid to fight, but that it will not be diſcretion in me at this time.

Cynt. As you pleaſe.

Spitt. And that wiſdom tells, 'tis better to do it now, than to ſubmit to your mercy after you have kill'd me.

bynt. Very true.

Spitt. Yet, upon condition that you will hereafter demand your life of me, when it ſhall be inconvenient for you to fight, and I ſhall ſend you the like courteous invitation.

Scarr. What means this?

Panc. Signior *Spittzaſerro*, who do you talk to?

Spitt. To Signior *Alberto.*

Panc. To *Cynthio.*

Spitt. Brother to Signiora *Aurelia.*

Panc. My Son.

Oct. 'Tis true, Signior *Spittzaſerro*; this Gentleman is not Signior *Alberto*, but Signior *Cynthio*; not her Brother, but my Friend, to ſerve me in my Amour. I was your Rival, and your true Enemy; But now you have quitted your pretenſions, and matters are concluded, I'm your Friend hence-forward.

Spitt. Then it will not concern me hereafter to require him to demand his life of me.

Oct. You may ſleep in peace.

Spitt. Ah! *Bono, Servitore.*

Enter Plautino.

Plaut. Signior *Scaramouch*, Signior *Jeronimo* is extremely rejoyc'd at the happy concluſion.

Enter an Officer bringing in Harlequin *in his Magicians habit.*

Offic. Come along, come.

Panc. Oh! is he catch'd? he ſhall have the *Strapada.*

Harl. Signior ſi, I deſerve it for counterfeiting a *Bravo*, and cheating you of 206 Piſtols.

Panc. Ah! *Furbo*! Villain!

Harl. And for not being a Philoſopher of your Sect, Signior; for not learning Logick, Morals, Phyſick and Metaphyſicks, Signior ſi.

Scar. He ſhall be ſent to the Gallcys for ſeven years.

Harl. Signior ſi, for not being a Novice, and learning Pa-

tience.

tience, Temperance, Sobriety, and not going to a Wench.

Scar. Signior *Pancrace*, his ſentence ſhall be for his whole life.

Harl. Signior ſi, for telling you your Son went a fiſhing, and for getting 500 Dollers of you againſt your will.

Panc. Signior *Scaramouch*, he ſhall be hang'd out-right.

Harl. Signior ſi, for being a Merchant of *Ligorn*, and coſening Signior *Pancrace* and Signior *Scaramouch* of 800 half Ducats, and for being the Son of old Signior *Trivoline*.

Scar. He ſhall be broken alive upon the Wheel.

Harl. Signior ſi, for having the inſolence to put a learned Philoſopher into a Sack.

Scar. Beſtia!

Harl. For laying him on with a great Cudgel.

Scar. Bruto!

Harl. And beating him till he was all o're black and blue.

Scar. O che *Diavolo! Impertinente!*

Panc. Away with him to a Magiſtrate, he ſhall have his reward for all.

Harl. Signior Officer, I have dropt a Purſe of Gold where I ſtand; take the light and look for't, it belongs to Signior *Scaramouch*, and Signior *Pancrace*.

Scar. Ah! *Bono.*

Panc. Look for't, Signior *Scaramouch*, you and I will hold him in the mean time.

Scar. Eh! *Beſtia!* } *The Officer holds the Torch to* Harlequin's *feet to look for't, he treads it out.*

Harl. Excuſa, Signior, 'twas by chance.

Panc, Go, light it agen, and look for the Money; we'l hold him.

Scar. Signior ſi. [*Ex. Officer*

Panc. Eh.
Scar. Eh.
Panc. Bruto!
Scar. Beſtia! } Harlequin *ſlips out of the Gown as they hold him by the Arms, goes behind them, and hits each two or three times o're the head,--they ſtrike at him, and buffet one another.*
Panc. Bruto!
Scar. Beſtia.

Harl. Ha! ha! he! *Ex.*

Enter Officer with a light; looks and sees them holding the Gown and Cap upon't, and no-body in't.

Panc. Oh! Signior *Scaramouch*, here's no-body.

Scar. No-body?

Panc. The Villain's escap'd.

Scar. O che Furbo.

Aur. } Gone!
Zerb. }

Oct. } *Hah the Cullione!*
Cynt. }

Panc, Signior *Scaramouch*, rest content at present. Now let us go in, have the Musick, eat a good Supper, and make a night on't.

Scar. Signior si, signior si. [*Ex.* Panc. *and* Scar.

Plaut. You must all joyn to make a reconciliation for *Harlequin.* He must for all this come in for the leg of a good Capon.

Enter Harlequin. [*From listning.*

Harl. Signior si, Signior si.

Oct. } Come, come, *Harlequin*'s come.
Cynt. }

Aur. } Aye, come, poor *Harlequin.* [*making legs to every one.*
Zerb. }

Harl. Servitore, Signior *Octavio*; Signior *Cynthio, Servitore*; Signiora *Aurelia*, *Servitore*; *Servitore* Signiora, & *Servitore Tutti quanti.* *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Epilogue.

THoſe that were Judges forty years ago,
Would nothing but ſtrict Comedy allow,
And humours drawn exactly to the life.
The Poet here, with nature is at ſtrife.
We ſhow'd to day only what's ſtrange and new,
Where tho the Picture was not drawn ſo true,
Yet th'oddneſs of the piece may pleaſure give,
As that alone makes the Dutch *painting thrive.*
We in this age, which is ſo much for change,
Have leapt the Hedg, and now with freedom range.
What's naturally witty will not do,
Unleſs there's ſomething yet more ſtrange than you.
If like your ſelves an airy Fop we ſhow,
You cry, Dam-me Jack, *that was ſtole from you.*
No humor on the Stage will paſs for Wit,
Cauſe ev'ry day you act your ſelves i'the Pit.
In Coffee-Houſe *but half the Fool y'expoſe,*
With talk impertinent, and ſilly Oaths,
The Mall *the Fop at full proportion ſhows.*
To have you here then were dull Repetition,
'Twould be at leaſt the fourth and worſt Edition.
Nor can we now any new humor meet,
In all Cheap-ſide, Cornhill, *and* Lumbard-ſtreet,
Upon the change, they're formal, dull, preciſe,
Of Dutch *and* French *moſt gravely telling Lies;*
Foretelling the ſucceſs of Foreign War,
What may portend the Whale *and* Blazing-Star.
Since they're ſo gravely dull, and you ſo light,
Our Play we hope may've done you both ſome right.
Even in this Play will be ſome natural touches,
Whilſt you're ſuch Harlequins, *they* Scaramouches.